

THE GRAPHIC

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1902

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT:
"H.M.S. 'Ophi'"

[PRICE NINETEEN
PENCE]



Villon (Mr. Alexander)

Lady Katherine (Miss Julie Opp)

FRANCOIS VILLON, AS THE GRAND CONSTABLE OF FRANCE, RECITING TO THE LADIES OF LOUIS XI'S COURT

"IF I WERE KING" AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE

DRAWN BY W. HATHERELL, R.I.

Topics of the Week

The Loyalists in South Africa THE outspoken criticisms of the lines on which the settlement in South Africa is travelling, to which General Sir Edward Brabant gave expression the other day, deserves a larger measure of public attention than they have as yet received.

General Brabant sums up the situation as showing that "loyalty does not pay," and he bases this conclusion partly on the resumed ascendancy of the Bond in Cape Colony and partly on the favouritism alleged to be shown to the Dutch or to formerly disloyal Afrikaners in the conquered Republics. We are afraid, it must be confessed, that General Brabant takes rather an extreme view of the seriousness of the present state of things. He is himself a South African League man, and his conception of equal rights for the two white races in South Africa is probably not much more equitable than that which obtains among the Bond leaders. Nevertheless, when all legitimate deductions are made there can be no doubt that he voices a very large and growing volume of loyalist discontent both in Cape Colony and in the Transvaal. There is in the first place an undeniable tendency to pet the Boers and to treat them on a footing of generosity which is not extended to the loyalists. Thus, under the terms of surrender, the Boer farmers who fought against us will be able to return and re-equip their homesteads with very little appreciable loss to themselves, notwithstanding that the destruction of these very homesteads was due entirely to the prolongation of hostilities far beyond the point when resistance offered any hopes of success. They receive a gift of 3,000,000*l.*, and, where this does not suffice, they are allowed to borrow any reasonable sum they may require, free of interest, for two years, and then repayable in small instalments with only three per cent. interest. It is difficult to imagine a more generous scheme for relieving them of all the normal penalties of an unsuccessful war. But while our former enemies are treated in this fashion, the loyalists, who suffered in precisely the same way, are receiving very scant consideration. The Dutch farmers who stood by us in Cape Colony, and who saw their homesteads burnt down, and their fields ravaged by the invaders and the rebels, are now at the mercy of the Bond, and are receiving compensation for their loyalty on a ludicrously inadequate scale. The Imperial Government ought certainly to see that these men receive assistance to resume their normal lives on at least the same favourable basis in regard to free gifts and loans as the men who fought against them. Their case, as set forth in the petition of the Paarl Conference of Dutch Loyalists, fully justifies General Brabant's bitter reflection that "loyalty does not pay." The case of the former Uitlanders on the Rand is still more grievous. During the war they rendered services of the greatest value to the Imperial cause. They raised and equipped four fine regiments of Irregulars, all of which distinguished themselves in the field. With the exception of the Imperial Light Horse, which consisted of the most influential of the Uitlanders, the services of these men have been completely ignored. For the most part they have returned to civilian life ruined, and yet they find that almost the whole patronage of the State is lavished on strangers or on the men whose submission they were instrumental in bringing about. And this notwithstanding that their experience of the country is far superior to that of the *protégés* of the Government. Already the grievances of these men have found expression in the organisation of a political association which is likely to be a thorn in the side of the administration, but it is not at all improbable that it may assume a more disagreeable shape, and that in the future Uitlander and Boer may be found uniting on a common basis of anti-Imperial discontent. It is to be hoped that prompt steps will be taken to correct this regrettable state of affairs. The problem of reconstruction in South Africa is a very complex and difficult one, but the most unpardonable of errors would be the alienation of the loyalists.

Lingering Libels IN his speech at Highbury last Saturday, Mr. Chamberlain took occasion to say a few plain words on the attempted revival of the "campaign of calumny" against our Army in South Africa. The Colonial Secretary probably had in his mind the extraordinary allegations of inhumanity to which Mr. Reitz lately gave utterance. He bluntly spoke of them as "sordid lies," and the expression was not a whit too strong. No one should know better than Mr. Reitz that the charges of inhumanity cannot be substantiated. They have, indeed, already been repudiated by his own colleagues, and the last South African Blue Book shows that even in the concentration camps meetings were held to

protest against them. It is true that farms were burnt and lands were laid waste, but this was a legitimate act of war. Its object was to bring about peace in the same way as Sherman's devastation of Georgia in the American Civil War was designed to hasten the termination of hostilities. That it succeeded, and that in this respect it was a mercy in disguise, we have proof under Mr. Reitz's own hand, for in the Peace Resolutions of the Vereeniging Conference the chief reason urged for the submission of the commandos is that "the war policy followed by the British military authorities has led to the exhaustion of all resources necessary for the support of our families, the existence of our armies, and the continuance of the war." In other words, but for the devastation carried out by Lord Kitchener the war would still be raging. But if the devastation was effective in bringing the Boers to their knees, it must also be remembered that it was accompanied by measures to alleviate the sufferings of those affected by it which are certainly without parallel in the history of war. Mr. Chamberlain was fully justified in boasting that never before was a vanquished foe treated with more consideration and generosity.

Danish Butter THE British dairy farmer will not be sorry to learn that the price of Danish butter has begun to rise. Various reasons are assigned for this appreciation of market value, but it may be shrewdly guessed that the Danish producer did not resort to such a dangerous expedient without solid cause. For some time past the former margin of profit on these importations has, it is asserted, displayed a dwindling tendency. Denmark won its way into the English butter market mainly by giving better quality for the same price. The farmers were enabled to do that by the cheapening effect of the factory system as compared with the individual method. But butter factories have latterly become quite common in many parts of the United Kingdom, and Denmark's chief advantage, cheapness of production, is consequently slipping away. While no Briton would wish ill to that gallant little State, which earned our imperishable gratitude by giving this country the most gracious and graceful of Queens, it cannot be pretended that the millions of sterling sent over there annually in exchange for butter are not grudged. Were English agriculture in a prosperous condition, that drain would be of little consequence. But, as Mr. Hanbury pointed out the other day, our farmers have need to strain every nerve if they are to hold their ground against foreign competition in the home market, and it is in the smaller branches of their multifarious business that they stand the best chance of beating back invaders. It does not reflect credit on this country that it should have become largely dependent for butter supplies not alone on Denmark, but on such remote lands as Canada, and even Australia as well.

British Cotton-Growing NONE too soon Lancashire is interesting itself in the discovery of some territories within the wide boundaries of our Empire where the raw materials for its staple industry could be produced and transmitted as cheaply as in the United States. India is not only too far away, but her own mills and those of Japan need all she produces. But the Soudan appears to present a most promising opening for British capital and enterprise. No less than fifteen million acres in easily accessible parts of Dervishland are said to be suitable, while the Nile insures cheap transport to the Mediterranean. There might be a labour difficulty for a time, the tract in question having been considerably depopulated by Mahdist persecutions and massacres. But when the news spread about that the white man had started an industry foreshadowing the potentialities of happiness and wealth to all who embarked in it, there would soon be plenty of Soudanese to jump at the good thing. In Western Africa, especially in Nigeria, other large areas are believed to be adapted for cotton plantations, and as most of them possess water communication with the littoral, cheapness of transport would be secured from the first. It may be asked, perhaps, why Lancashire should not remain content with the American supply as hitherto. There are several reasons for dissatisfaction, the chief one being that this source is liable, as has repeatedly occurred, to be "cornered" by speculators, with the result of causing grave embarrassment to British manufacturers. It is the old case of carrying all the eggs in a single basket, with the inevitable risk of a wholesale smash.

"THE MOST DARING CRIMINAL OF MODERN TIMES."

An Illustrated Account of the Dramatic Chase of Tracy, the American Outlaw, appears in this week's

GOLDEN PENNY.

The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTTLE

By J. ASHLEY-STERRY

How many years ago is it since I wrote concerning the river rough and the way he was likely to interfere with the calm delights of the Upper Thames? How many years is it since Frederick Walker's graphic picture of Captain Selfish in his steam-launch appeared in the pages of *Punch*? In those days the Thames 'Arry was comparatively scarce, and plutocratic vulgarity was only occasionally to be encountered. Since the time alluded to both these classes have increased to an alarming extent, and their combination has entirely changed the character of our beautiful stream. There are some powerful verses in a recent number of *Punch*, entitled "Ichabod," which will commend themselves to lovers of the River in its best days. Just listen to this!—

What joy to leave that raucous reach,
And in the deep, cool, gated lock,
Forget the soul-disturbing screech
That science uses, song to mock.

Launch, gondola, punt, skiff, canoe,
A gay flotilla here we make,
Our stream's retainers, tried and true,
Who love her for her own sweet sake,

Glides in an awesome, fearsome craft,
With Hooligans who screech and yell,
And bottle-laden, fore and aft,
It is—it is—the Barking Belle!

Do not the lines above quoted most truthfully depict scenes but too frequently to be encountered in these latter days of the overcrowding of the Thames?

As being one of the first to note the possibility of danger to St. Paul's from the constant tunnelling and undermining which London has been subjected to during the last twenty years, I am not at all surprised at the latest rumours with regard to the stability of the Cathedral. Indeed, I think it very possible that other public buildings will demonstrate that their foundations are not to be tampered with with impunity. A few years more of this everlasting tubing and tunnelling will probably show serious results in the Metropolis, and we may think ourselves very lucky if the whole city does not give an enlarged version of the town of Droitic, where most of the houses are out of the upright, and many of them show ominous cracks and fissures. It seems to me that no one should have the right to endanger the public buildings of London, or to imperil the lives of its inhabitants, in order that they may make money out of the transaction.

Probably no statue that has been erected in London has received more attention than that of General Gordon, which has its temporary home opposite the National Portrait Gallery. Even now that its novelty has worn off you see plenty of people gazing at it every day, and you may observe parties arrive in carriages who descend therefrom, walk round the statue, and look at it from every point of view, and often spend a considerable time over their inspection. Others arrive with bouquets, which are laid on the top of the pedestal, and I saw some bunches of flowers which were most ungracefully tied round the camel's fore-legs. The quantity of photographers who are continually taking every kind of view of the statue is something surprising, and of course directly a camera appears a number of people pose themselves in self-conscious attitudes below the hero of Khartoum. Recently there has been a real artist, with a real easel, and a big palette ablaze with gorgeous pigments, painting a picture of the statue and its surroundings. He has been hemmed in and repeatedly cheered by a vast crowd. They evidently believe in him more than they do in the photographer, and rate him infinitely higher as a free exhibition. The art-criticism of a London crowd is something delightful to listen to.

Another case, I see, has occurred of a motor-car left unattended in the street and being started off by a mischievous boy. It knocked down various people and did all sorts of damage before its career came to an end. Now why is there not some arrangement in order that the machinery—when left in this way—should be securely locked against the efforts of unauthorised people? Surely anyone leaving a motor-car not protected in this way should have the immediate attention of the police. It is sincerely to be trusted that the report one hears about the fast-driving of these machines is not true. It is said that after achieving a certain speed, pace becomes a passion, and the desire to go faster and faster almost amounts to madness. Should this be a fact, this new complaint, which might be called *motorcariasis*, is likely to have serious consequences, and it would appear that the regulations which have been made with regard to speed are by no means so absurd as many would lead us to imagine. Let us hope there is no truth in the rumour. And I don't see why there should be. I have never heard of the driver of express trains being affected in this fashion.

"Facility of communication begets overcrowding." Some time ago the "Bystander" preached a week-day sermon from this text, and was considerably derided for his pains. Now people are beginning to acknowledge the startling truth contained in the above text, and are finding out what terrible overcrowding will be the result of what is called "relieving the traffic." An interesting letter on the subject appears in a recent number of the *Daily Telegraph* from "Hamptonian," which concludes by saying, "Trams may be a blessing to the masses (and the shareholders) but there is a large section of householders and ratepayers who think otherwise." There is no doubt that England is over-railed and that London and the suburbs are over-trammed and over-tubed. If this state of things is allowed to increase, in five years' time it will be difficult to walk about our streets unjostled.

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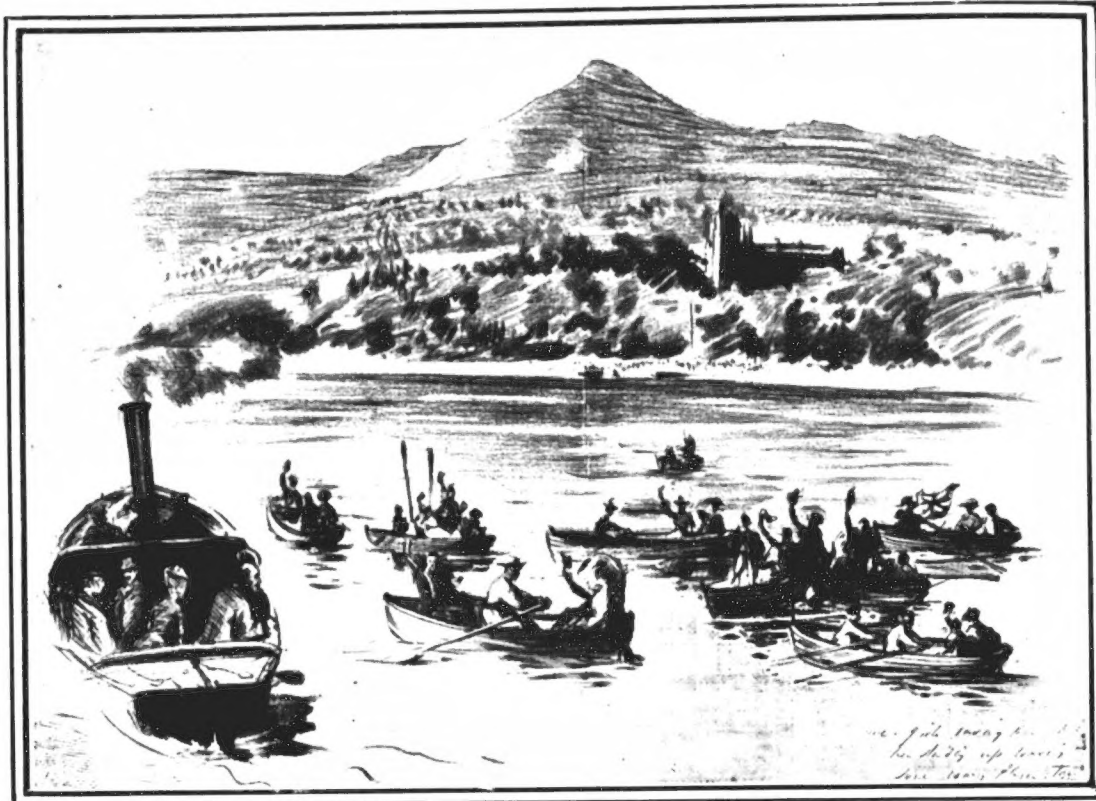
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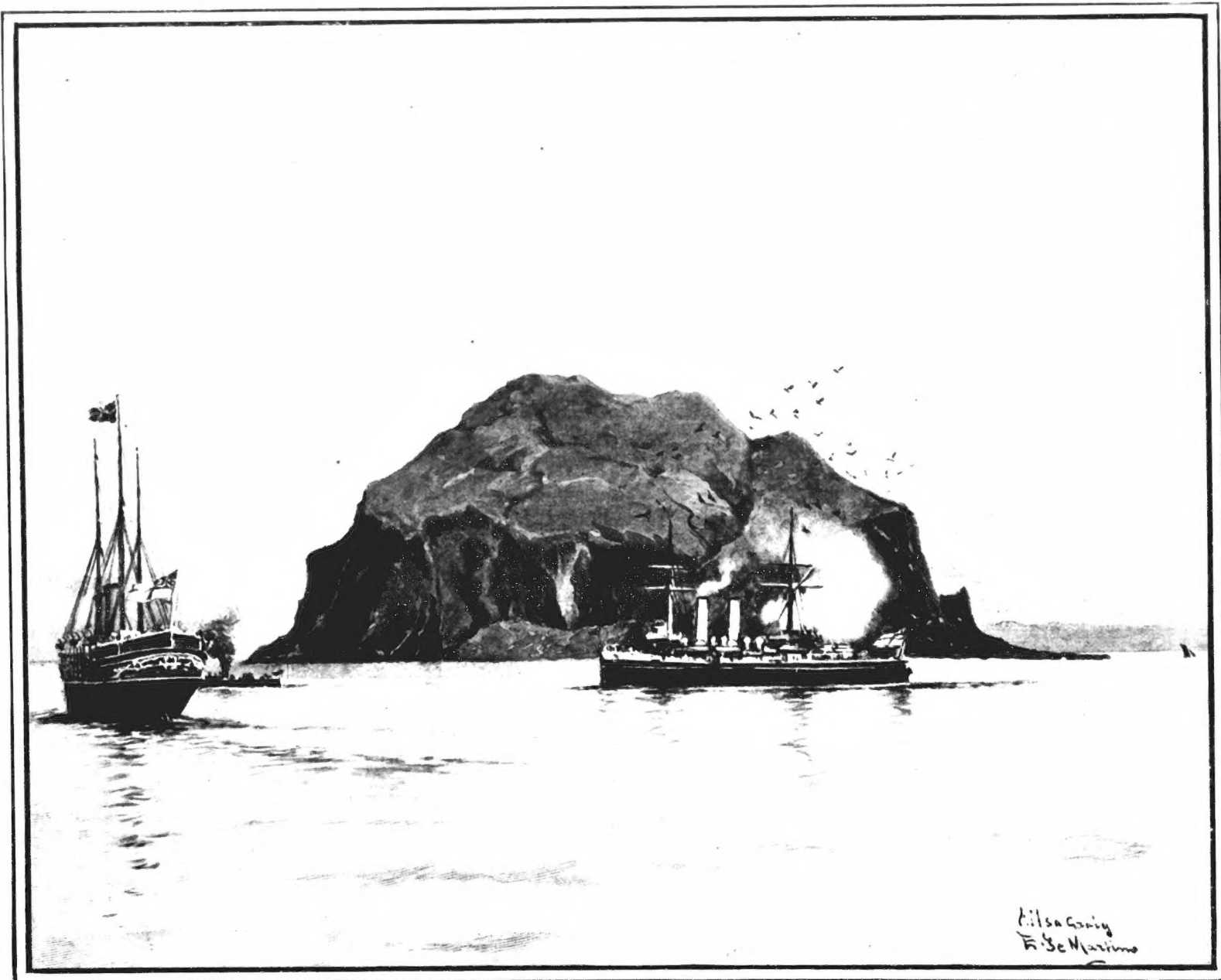
Queen's Hall Concerts

UNFORTUNATELY, the promise of the opening night of full houses was not fulfilled during the week at Queen's Hall. Why, it is not very easy to understand. It is nonsense to suppose that the concerts suffer from the competition of Covent Garden, for the two do not attract at all the same public, and on certain evenings, when the programmes are attractive, both houses are full to the doors.

In order to impart interest to the programmes, Mr. Henry Wood has produced plenty of novelties. To most of the audience the first symphonies of Schubert and of Tchaikowsky were new; for the one has not been heard in London for twenty one years, and the other had not before been performed here at all. The first symphony does not show the real Schubert; while the Tchaikowsky symphony, which was written shortly after the composer finished his studies, and has more than once since been rewritten, proved for the most part dull and uninteresting. So, too, was the symphonic ballad *Elaine and Lancelot*, by Herr Averkamp, a German musician obviously of the newest school. To Wagner, as exemplified in such works as the "Siegfried Idyll," Herr Averkamp is content to pay the highest form of compliment. The overture *Hunyadi László*, by the late Franz Erkel, the so-called creator of Hungarian opera, proved to be more or less an historical curiosity. The opera was produced at Pesth as far back as 1844, when the influence of Rossini was at its height, and the music is mainly composed of a series of melodies subsequently used in the opera. On Tuesday of the present week Schubert's second symphony in B flat, a great advance upon his first, was announced; while the Tchaikowsky programme on Wednesday included the composer's "Russian" symphony; so-called because its first and last movements are based upon such popular melodies of Little Russia as "Down by Mother Volga" and "The Crane." Later on in the present week are also promised an overture, *Bretwalda*, by the young English musician, Mr. Ernest Blake, and Mr. Joseph Holbrooke's suite No. 4.



Brodick Castle, Arran Island, is mostly modern, though parts are very ancient, and belongs to Lady Mary Hamilton.
THE KING AND QUEEN IN A PINNACE GOING TO BRODICK CASTLE
DRAWN BY SYDNEY F. HALL, M.V.O.



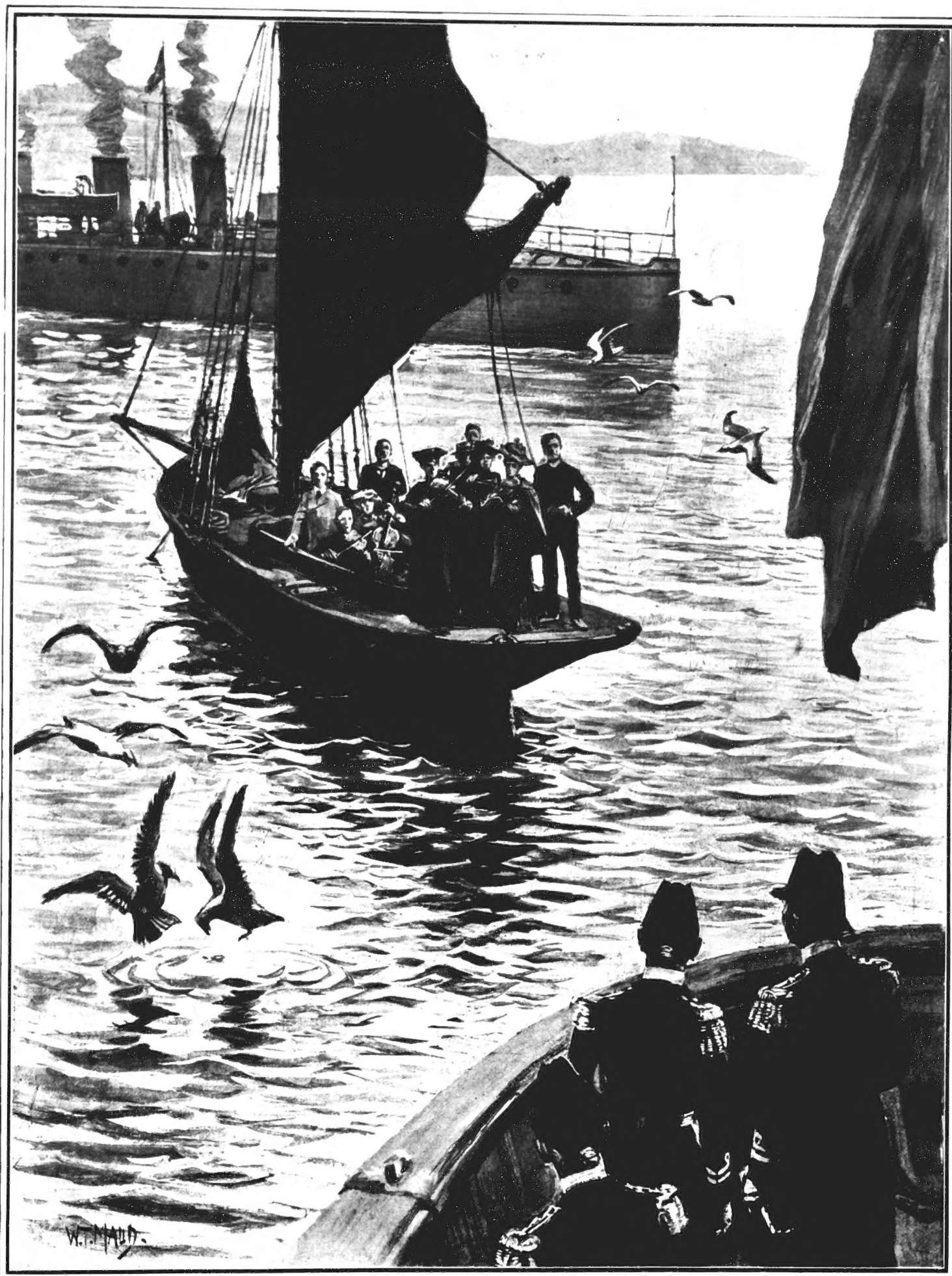
Victoria and Albert

H.M.S. Crescent

Ailsa Craig is a lofty islet of grey syenite trap in the Firth of Clyde, ten miles north-west of Girvan. A great feature of the Craig is the multitude of seabirds which make it their home.

THE KING'S CRUISE: THE ROYAL YACHT PASSING AILSA CRAIG

DRAWN BY E. DE MARTINO, M.V.O., MARINE PAINTER IN ORDINARY TO THE KING



DRAWN BY W. T. MAUD

FROM A SKETCH BY SYDNEY P. HALL, M.V.O.

One evening while the Royal yacht was off Ramsey, a cutter containing a party of musicians anchored near the *Victoria and Albert*. An excellent performance was given, both music and singing being good

THE KING'S CRUISE: SERENADERS OFF RAMSEY

The Court

THE Royal yachting cruise has not only proved most enjoyable, but has done the King an immense deal of good, both through the sea-air and through the complete change of surroundings and interests. The trip, too, has brought His Majesty into remote parts of his kingdom where the Sovereign is rarely seen and where he received most enthusiastic greetings from his people. The Manx visit was a great success, the King and Queen being delighted with the beautiful scenery of the island, which they saw very thoroughly during their brief stay. Next came a visit to another island, Arran in the Clyde, where they spent two or three days in Brodick Bay. Their Majesties drove through the island in a wagonette, whilst Princess Victoria cycled, and their first excursion from Brodick was over the pass to Doughrie, where sheep-dog trials were being held. On the way the King walked up the steepest hill and accepted a bouquet of heather from a small girl of four years old, whom he kissed in return. There was a huge gathering at Doughrie, and the Royal party were much interested in watching the dogs herding the sheep. The *Victoria and Albert* steamed round to Kilbrannan Sound to pick up her Royal passengers, and took them back to Brodick Bay for the night. Early next morning the yacht returned to land the King at Doughrie for some stag-shooting. His Majesty and some friends went to Machrie Farm and soon put up a fine stag with a head of twelve points, which fell to the King's rifle. Though mortally wounded, the stag got off to a neighbouring wood, but was soon found and the head taken to the Royal yacht. In the afternoon the *Victoria and Albert* left Arran with her escort of the cruiser *Crescent* and two torpedo-destroyers, and had a fine passage down the Firth of Clyde in hot hazy weather, reaching Colonsay Bay in the evening. Colonsay belongs to Sir John McNeill, one of the late Queen's equerries, and he came on board to dine and arrange for the Royal visit next day. Accordingly, next morning Their Majesties and Princess Victoria were rowed ashore to meet with the heartiest greeting from the crowds assembled, and to drive to Sir John's house, Killoran, for lunch. The *Victoria and Albert* was off again late in the afternoon towards Oban, which was eagerly expecting a Royal visit, and had decorated in readiness. But to the general disappointment, the Royal yacht went past the Bay up to Ballachulish. It was a lovely evening, and the Royal party much admired the rugged scenery as they steamed up the Firth to Loch Leven. A deer drive for the King had been arranged on the estate of Onich, so next morning His Majesty went up the Loch in a pinnace some ten miles, and entered the deer forest of Kinloch at Caolas-nan-Con. The Loch is very narrow there, and to the King's amusement two Cameron Highlanders had planted a huge Scotch thistle



THE DESTROYER "GIPSY" BRINGING THE MAILS FROM OBAN TO THE ROYAL YACHT

bearing the Union Jack and the Scotch flag on either side, and the Royal Standard in the centre. His Majesty enjoyed his day in the forest, but the sport itself was a failure, for although every effort was made to drive the deer through the pass at the southern end of Loch Eiltmore, the wind was contrary, so that the creatures scattered and never came near enough for a shot. During the King's absence the Queen had a sail on Loch Leven, going to visit Lord Strathcona at Invercoe, and Princess Victoria cycled from Onich to Fort William. Her Majesty and the Princess eventually met the King at Kinlochmore to tea, and came back down the Loch escorted by the Bishop of Argyll's two yachts. Sunday proved wet and misty, so the Royal party stayed quietly on board the yacht, where Divine Service was performed in the morning. As the weather cleared late in the afternoon, the King and Queen, with Princess Victoria, went up Loch Linnhe in a steam pinnace to the entrance to the Caledonian Canal. They stayed a short time off the pier at Fort William, enjoying a view of Ben Nevis and the heights surrounding Glenfinnan, and acknowledging the greetings from crowds on the Pier. Monday saw the Royal yacht on the way to Portree in the Isle of Skye, while Stornoway came next in the Royal programme. Finally their Majesties were expected to land at Leith, instead of Aberdeen, whence they make their way to Ballater and Balmoral. The *Victoria and Albert* will remain at hand to take Queen Alexandra over to Denmark when Her Majesty decides to pay her promised visit to her father. The Court will probably be in residence at Balmoral for about a month, and the King also

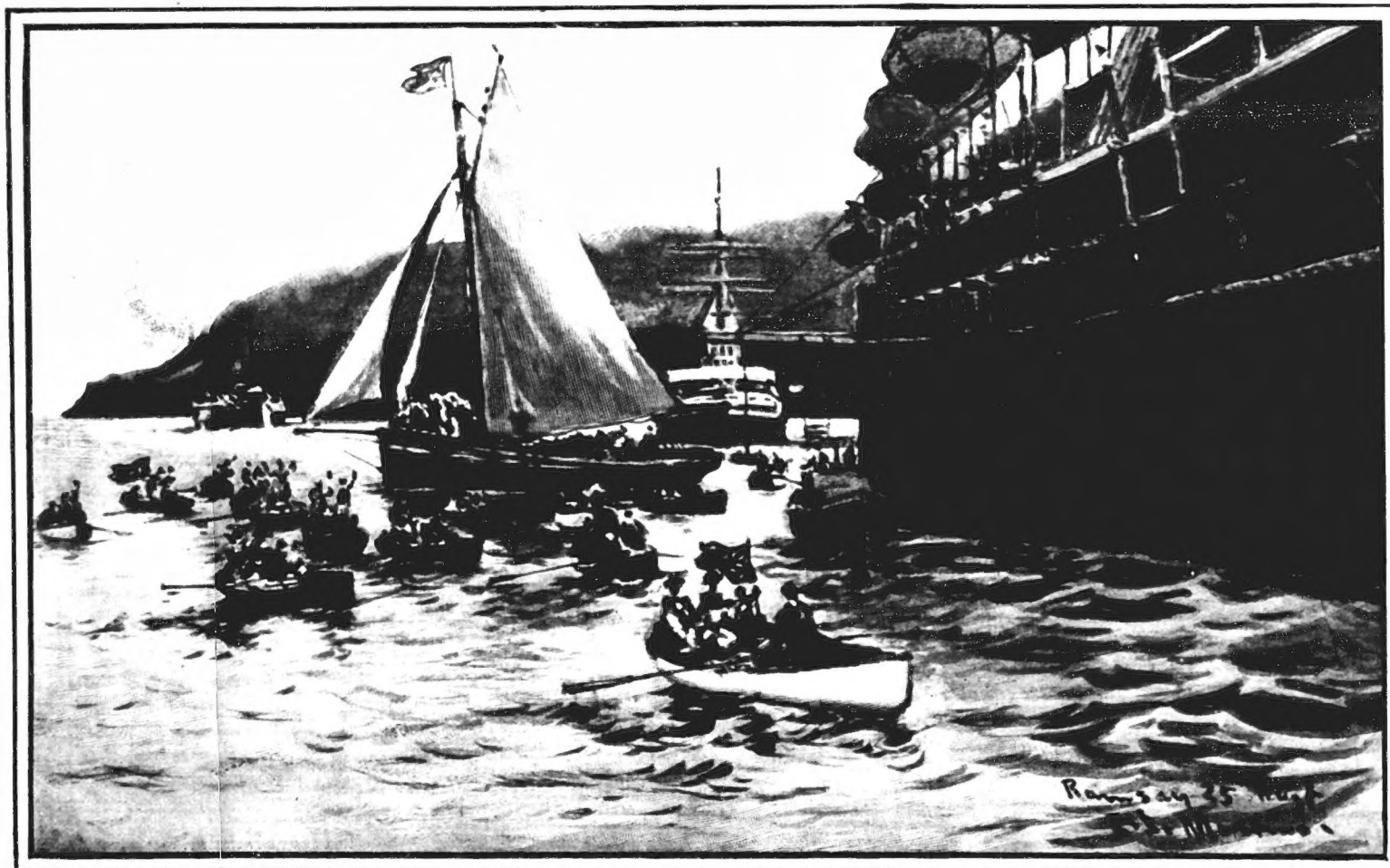
proposes an autumn visit to Sandringham before settling down in town once more.

Royal sportsmen will be plentiful in the Highlands for the next few weeks. The King is now well enough to enjoy shooting, and he will have with him the Prince of Wales, who is a first-rate shot. Further, the Duke of Connaught may also join the guns, as he is coming to Scotland this month to shoot grouse with Mr. Forbes Leith Hay over the Pitcroly grouse moors in Strathspey. King Edward and the Princes will not only shoot over the Royal preserves on the Balmoral estate, but will share some sport with the Duke of Fife on his Deeside property, and with several of the neighbouring residents. The Queen and her daughters will try their luck with the rod, the Duchess of Fife being quite an expert in salmon-fishing. The Prince and Princess of Wales will remain at Abergeldie during the King's stay at Balmoral, the Princess going afterwards to Sandringham with her children, while the Prince pays a shooting visit to Lord Durham at Lambton Castle.

Echoes of the Coronation still linger. The King has presented all the Royal Households at the various Palaces with Coronation medals bearing bas-relief portraits of His Majesty and Queen Alexandra. King Edward himself will shortly receive the Coronation Bible presented to him by the British and Foreign Bible Society—a most beautiful volume, with covers richly worked in Italian style. His Coronation gift to the nation—Osborne House—is not to be entirely dissociated from the Royal Family, for the King will keep for his own use one or two houses on the estate, besides the golf links, and probably part of the stables.

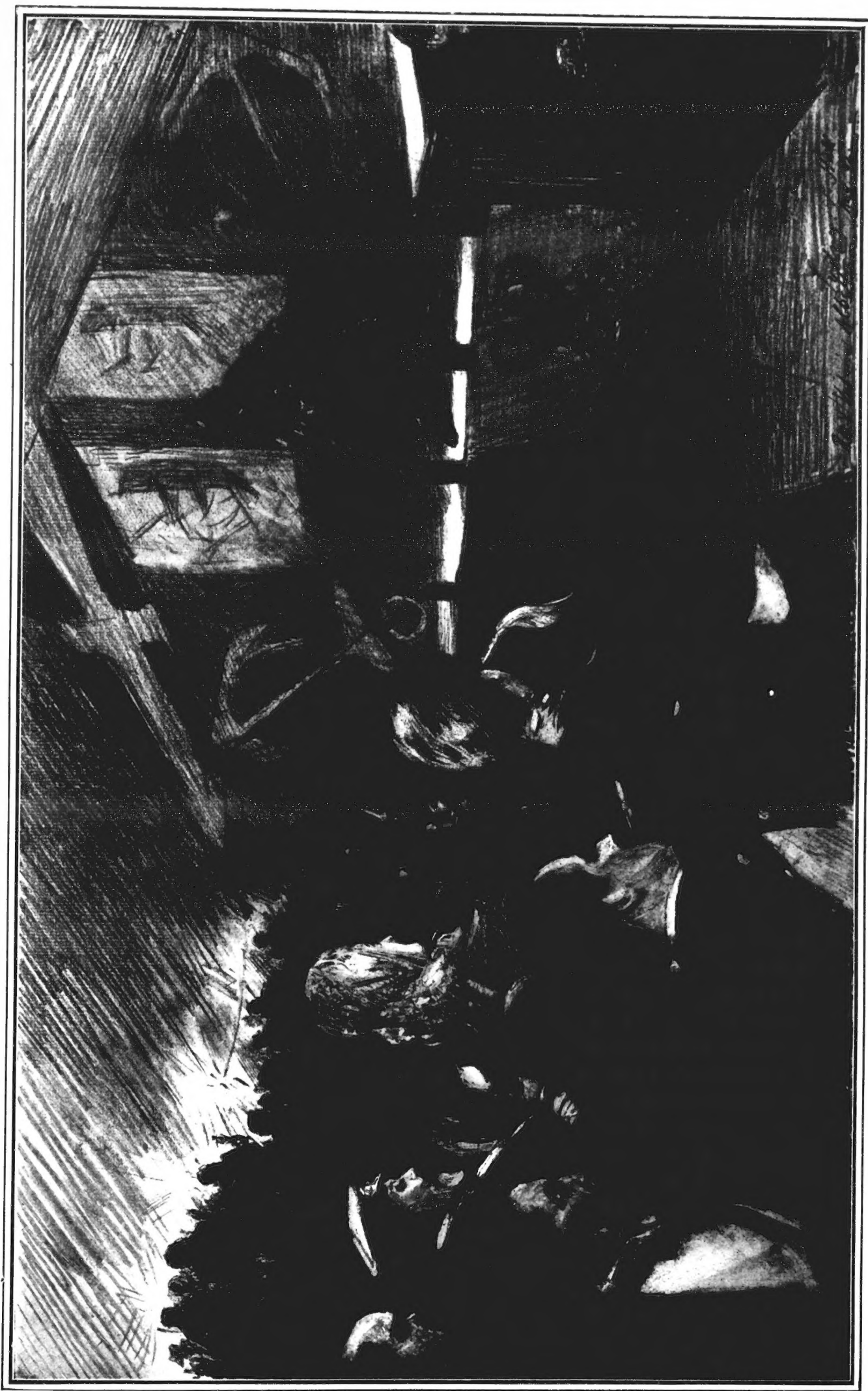
The autumn is generally the time for exchanging Royal visits amongst the heads of the Triple Alliance, so King Victor of Italy has followed up his recent meeting with the Tsar by one to Kaiser Wilhelm. Previous German and Italian Sovereigns have always been specially attached, and the present monarchs keep up the tradition. King Victor had been to Berlin twice before, but this was his first appearance since his accession.

The Shah is enjoying himself in Paris and much prefers the French capital in its present condition to the time when he saw it before during the excitement of the Exhibition. His Majesty drives about nearly all the day and goes to the theatre in the evenings, so that he is thoroughly doing the sights of the city, to say nothing of shopping. His Majesty has had his portrait taken by the well-known French artist, M. Gervex. He was very particular about having the points of his moustache painted straight out, as he told the artist that the pointed moustache indicates strength and omnipotence in Persia.

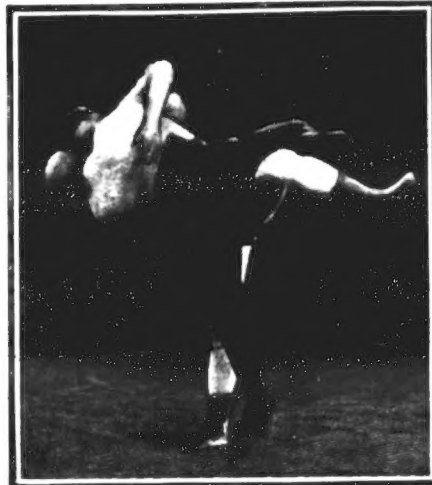
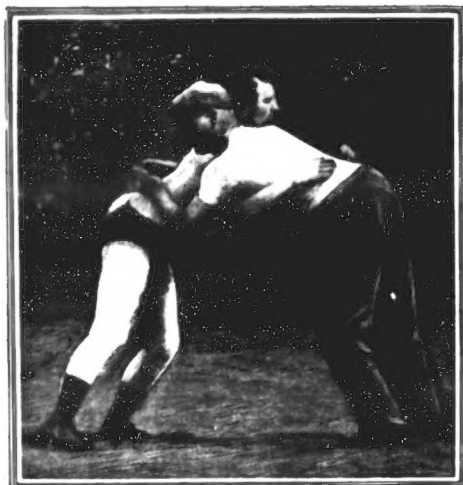


THE KING'S CRUISE: HOLIDAY-MAKERS CHEERING THE ROYAL YACHT OFF RAMSEY

DRAWN BY E. DE MARTINO, M.V.O., MARINE PAINTER IN ORDINARY TO THE KING



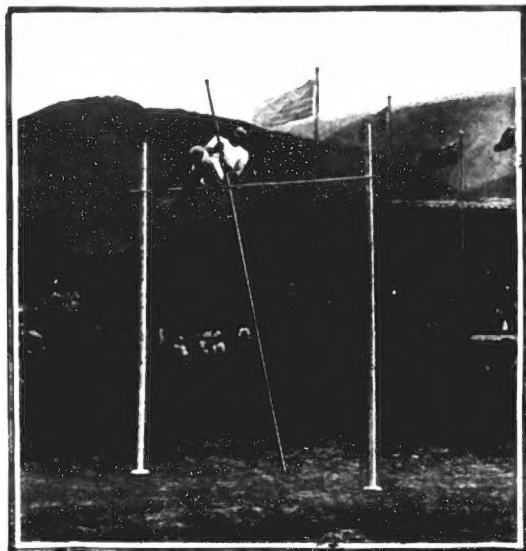
THE KING'S CRUISE: AN ENTERTAINMENT GIVEN ON BOARD THE ROYAL YACHT BY THE CREW
DRAWN FROM LIFE BY SYDNEY P. HALL, M.V.O.



CHARACTERISTIC ATTITUDES IN THE WRESTLING CONTESTS

The Grasmere Sports

THE annual sports at Grasmere have a character of their own, and always attract large crowds of visitors. No gathering in the fell heads would be complete into which wrestling in the particular native style did not enter, and guide-racing, the hound-trail, and pole-leaping find adherents everywhere. The hound-trail is a

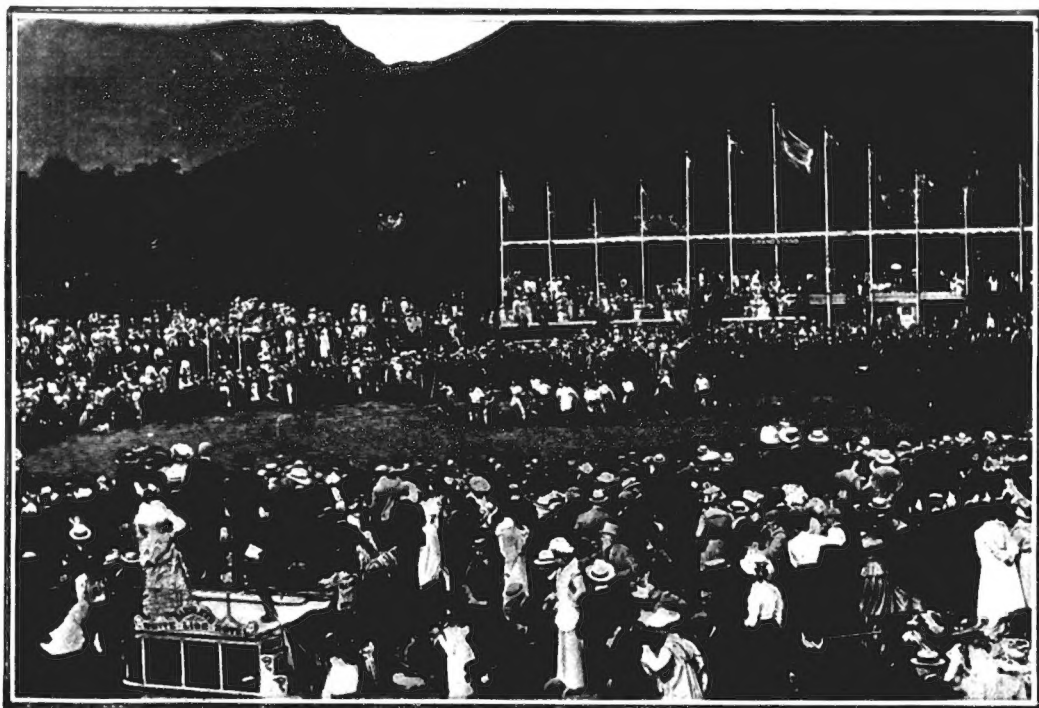


THE POLE JUMP: FORFAR CLEARING THE BAR

favourite sport in the fell country. Most of our readers will have heard of the Cambridge University Drag, in which undergraduates are invited to break their necks, and this, with a difference, is on similar lines. The difference is, that while at Cambridge the aniseed is so laid that horses may follow and keep fairly close to the hounds, a fell-head trail would be impossible to ride over at speed. The test, therefore, is for the hounds to run unattended along a severe line of fell, wood, and moor in as little time as possible. It is interesting to every lover of dogs to see the hounds brought into the ring; big, powerful animals they are, not beauties in the rounded fox-hound type, but trained for speed and endurance and hard going. A first-rate trail hound, has, it is said, been timed to do a mile under three minutes, and the average time taken at the Grasmere contest for a course some seven miles in length and exceptionally rough is thirty-three minutes. Anyone reading these figures will be quite prepared to hear that the dogs are very carefully trained for their task, and there are a good many men who make excellent livings by taking charge of and breeding fast running hounds. The scene when the dogs are brought out to race is very interesting. Their voices are never silent, and the trainers have plenty of work to keep them in hand for the few excited moments before the ground is cleared for the start. Then down the lower slope of Silver Howe comes a man who has been laying the trail: a wild yell from the dogs and a rousing cheer from the spectators, and he is within the enclosure and passes behind the line of dogs and men, carrying the aniseed cloth with him. At "get ready," the trainer goes down on one knee, grasping his charge by the scruff with one hand, and holding it loosely round the body with the other arm. Thus at "go" the pack are easily freed, and, with a murmur of glee, shoot like meteors across the ring, and leap the wall toward the fell, carrying the newly laid scent strong in their nostrils. Up

and along the front of Silver Howe they stream in a single line, black and tan, liver and white—then out of sight behind the woods to Red Bank. The scene around, as short, sharp barks are heard in the woods to the right, is one of tiptoe excitement, till a dog breaks into view, and, while a mighty roar goes up from all parts of the ground, the winner runs in.

The fell-head style of wrestling is known the world over under the title of "Cumberland-Westmorland," and its rules are so simple that a child can understand and practise them. The present All-weights champion is George Steadman, a splendid man, now fifty-five years of age. He has been wrestling in first-class company for over thirty-three years. He is very heavy, undoubtedly, but as dexterous of foot and wily in tactics as of yore. The real championship of the day is that of the sixteen-stone class, where the name of Hexham Clarke is predominant. He is another splendid man, perfectly proportioned, six feet in height, fifteen stones four pounds in weight, and forty-three years of age. Hexham Clarke has been wrestling in good company since he was fourteen years of age, and has won over one hundred first prizes in great contests. The pole jump is the prettiest of the athletic competitions from a spectator's point of view. To see a man come up the ground with huge, swinging strides, clutching his pole nearly at its head, drive the iron-shod point firmly and accurately home, then using the shaft as a lever rise over the bar as on wings, is a pretty sight, and the feat at first seems almost too easy. It is, perhaps, to this entirely false idea that we owe the decline of the sport. In a few of the fell heads it still holds from old association, though now only two or three competitors present themselves where a dozen once were eager to try. Away from Westmorland there are but few devotees of the art. In the Guides' Race the course is up to the first summit of Silver Howe and back.



THE START OF THE GUIDES' RACE



HEXHAM CLARKE, THE WRESTLING CHAMPION

THE ANNUAL SPORTS AT GRASMERE

From Photographs by C. G. Mason, Ambleside



"In the narrow street they caught sight of a thin, white-bearded figure, naked to the waist as though to show the hideous scars and rod-wounds with which its back and breast were scored, still festering, some of them. This was the man who uttered the cries, and these were the words he spoke: 'A voice from the East! a voice from the West! a voice from the four Winds! a voice against Jerusalem and against the Temple! a voice against the bridegrooms and the brides! a voice against the whole people! Woe, woe to Jerusalem!'"

PEARL-MAIDEN: A TALE OF THE FALL OF JERUSALEM

By H. RIDER HAGGARD. Illustrated by BYAM SHAW

CHAPTER XIII.

WOE, WOE TO JERUSALEM

Two more years went by, two dreadful, bloody years. In Jerusalem the factions tore each other. In Galilee let the Jewish leader Josephus, under whom Caleb was fighting, do what he would, Vespasian and his generals stormed city after city, massacring their inhabitants by thousands and tens of thousands. In the coast towns and elsewhere Syrians and Jews made war upon each other. The Jews assaulted Gadara and Gaulonitis, Sebaste and Ascalon, Anthedon and Gaza, putting many to the sword. Then came their own turn, for the Syrians and Greeks rose upon them and slaughtered them without mercy. As yet, however, there had been no bloodshed in Tyre, though all knew that it must come. The Essenes, who had been driven from their home by the Dead Sea, and taken refuge in Jerusalem, sent messengers to Miriam warning her to flee from Tyre, where a massacre was being planned, warning her also not to come to Jerusalem, which city they believed to be doomed, but to escape if possible overseas. Nor was this all, for her own people, the Christians, besought her to fly for her life's sake with

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them to the city of Pella, where they were gathering from Jerusalem and all Judæa. To both she answered that what her grandsire did, that she must do. If he fled, she would fly; if he stayed at Tyre, she would stay; if he went to Jerusalem, she would go; for he had been good to her and she had sworn that while he lived she would not desert him. So the Essene messengers went back to Jerusalem, and the Christian elders prayed with her, and having blessed her and consigned her to the care of the Most High and His Son, their Lord, departed to Pella, where, as it was fated, through all those dreadful times not a hair of their heads was touched.

When she had parted from them Miriam sought out her grandfather, whom she found pacing his chamber with a troubled air.

"Why do you look so sad, Miriam?" he asked. "Have some of your friends warned you that new sorrows are afoot?"

"Yes, grandfather," and she told him all.

"I do not believe them," he said passionately. "Say, do you? Where is their authority? I tell you that we shall triumph. Vespasian is now Emperor in Rome and there will forget this little land, and the rest, those enemies who are of our own house and those without it, we will conquer and kill. The Messiah will come, the true Messiah. Many signs and wonders declare that he is at hand. Ay! I myself have had a vision concerning him. He

will come, and he will conquer, and Jerusalem shall be great and free and see her desire upon her enemies. I ask—where is your authority for these croakings?"

Miriam drew a roll from her robe and read: "But when ye see Jerusalem compassed with armies then know that her desolation is at hand. Then let them that are in Judæa flee unto the mountains; and let them which are in the midst of her depart out; and let not them that are in the country enter therein. For these are days of vengeance, that all things that are written may be fulfilled. Woe to them that are with child and to them that give suck in those days! for there shall be great distress upon the land and wrath unto this people. And they shall fall by the edge of the sword, and shall be led captive into all the nations; and Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled."

Benoni listened patiently until she had done. Then he answered with contempt:

"So says the Book of your Law, but mine tells me otherwise. Well, child, if you believe it and are afraid, be gone with your friends, the Christians, and leave me to meet this storm alone."

"I do believe it," she answered quietly, "but I am not afraid."

"That is strange," he said, "since you must then believe that

you will come to a cruel death, which has terrors for the young and fair."

"Not so, grandfather, for this same writing promises that in these troubles not one of us Christians shall perish. It is for you that I fear, not for myself, who will go where you go, and bide where you bide. Therefore once more, and for the last time, I pray you to be wise and fly who otherwise must be slain," and as Miriam said the words her blue eyes filled with tears.

Benoni looked at her and for a moment his courage was shaken.

"Of your book I take no account," he said, "but in the vision of your pure spirit I am tempted to believe. Perhaps the things that you foresee will happen, so, child, fly. You will not lack an escort, and I can give you treasure."

She shook her head. "I have said that I will not go without you."

"Then I fear that you here must bide, for I will not leave my wealth and home, even to save my life, and still less will I desert my people in their holy war. Only, Miriam, if things fall out ill for us, remember that I entreated you to depart and do not reproach me."

"That I shall never do," she answered, smiling, and coming to the old man kissed him tenderly.

So they abode on in Tyre, and a week later the storm burst.

For many days it had not been safe for Jews to show themselves in the streets of the city, since several who crept out about their business, or to fetch water, or provisions, had been set upon and beaten to death by the mob, stirred up to the work by Roman emissaries. This time Benoni had employed in putting his house, which was part of an ancient fortress that had stood many a siege, into a state of defence and supplying it with an ample store of victuals. Also he sent messengers to Caleb, who was said to be in command of the Jewish force at Joppa, telling him of their peril. Because it was so strong many of the principal Jews in Tyre, to the number of over a hundred indeed, had flocked into Benoni's palace-fortress, together with their wives and children, since there was no other place in their power in the town which could be so easily defended. Lastly, in the outer courts and galleries were stationed fifty or more faithful servants and slaves who understood the use of arms.

Thus things remained, the Syrians threatening them through the gates, or from the windows of high houses, and no more, till one night Miriam was awakened by a dreadful sound of screaming. She sprang from her bed and instantly Nehushta was at her side.

"What happens?" she gasped as she dressed herself hastily.

"Those Syrian dogs attack the Jews," answered Nehushta, "on the mainland and in the lower city. Come to the roof, whence we can see what passes," and hand in hand they ran to the sea-portico and up its steep steps.

The dawn was just breaking, but looking from the walled roof they had no need of its light, since everywhere in the dim city below and in Palætyrus on the mainland, houses flared like gigantic torches. In their red glare they could see the thousands of the attackers dragging out the inmates to death, or thrusting them back into the flames, while the night was made horrible with the shouts of the maddened mob, the cries of the victims and the crackling roar of the burning houses.

"Oh! Christ have mercy on them," sobbed Miriam.

"Why should He?" asked Nehushta. "They slew Him and rejected Him; now they pay the price He prophesied. May He have mercy upon us, His servants."

"He would not have spoken thus," said Miriam indignantly.

"Nay, but justice speaks. Those who take the sword shall perish by the sword. Even so have these Jews done to the Greeks and Syrians in many of the cities, they who are blind and mad. Now it is their hour, and mayhap ours. Come, lady, these are no sights for you, though you might do well to learn to bear them, since if you escape you may see many such. Come, and if you wish we will pray for these Jews, especially for their children, who are innocent, and for ourselves."

That day at noon, most of the poorer and least protected Jews of the city having been killed, the Syrians began their attack upon the fortified palace of Benoni. Now it was that the defenders learned that they had to deal with no mere rabble, but with savage hordes, many thousands strong, directed by officers skilled in war. Indeed these men might be seen moving among them, and from their armour and appearance it was easy to guess that they were Romans. This, in fact, was the case since Gessius Florus, the wicked, and after him other officers, made it part of their policy to send Romans to stir up the Syrians against the Jews and to assist them in their slaughter.

First an attack was made upon the main gates, but when it was found that these were too strong to be taken easily, the assailants retreated with a loss of a score of men shot by the defenders from the wall. Then other tactics were adopted, for the Syrians, possessing themselves of the neighbouring houses, began to gall the garrison with arrows from the windows. Thus they drove them under cover, but did little more, since the palace was all of marble, with cemented roofs, and could not be fired with the burning shafts they sent down upon it.

So the first day passed, and during the night no attack was made upon them. When dawn came they learned the reason, for there opposite to the gates was reared a great battering-ram, moreover, out at sea a huge galley was being rowed in as close to their walls as the depth of water would allow, that from her decks the sailors might hurl stones and siege arrows by means of catapults and thus break down their defences and destroy them.

Then it was that the real fight began. The Jews posted on the roof of the house poured arrows on the men who strove to work the ram and killed many of them, till they were able to push the instrument so close that it could no longer be commanded. Now it got to work and with three blows of the great balk of timber, of which the ram was fashioned, burst in the gates. Thereon the defenders, headed by old Benoni himself, rushed out and put those who served it to the sword; then before they could be overcame, retreated across the ditch to the inner wall, breaking down the wooden bridge behind them. Now, since the ram was of no further use, as it could not be dragged through the ditch, the galley that

was anchored within a hundred paces, began to hurl huge stones and arrows at them, knocking down the walls and killing several, including two women and three children.

Thus matters went on till noon, the besiegers galling them with their arrows from the landside and the galley battering them from the sea, while they could do little or nothing in return, having no engines. Benoni called a council and set out the case, which was desperate enough. It was evident, he said, that they could not hold out another day, since at nightfall the Syrians would cross the narrow, protecting ditch and set up a battering-ram against the inner wall. Therefore, they must do one of two things—sally out and attempt to cut their way through and gain the open country, or fight on and at the last kill the women and children and rush out, those that were left of them, to be hacked down by the besieging thousands. As the first plan gave no hope, since cumbered as they were with helpless people, they could not expect to escape the city, in their despair they decided on the second. All must die, therefore they would perish by each other's hands. When this decision was known a wail went up from the women, and the children began to scream with fright, those of them who were old enough to understand their doom.

Nehushta caught Miriam by the arm.

"Come to the highest roof," she said; "it is safe from the stones and arrows, and thence, if need be, we can hurl ourselves into the water and die an easy death."

So they went and crouched there, praying, for their case was desperate. Suddenly Nehushta touched Miriam and pointed to the sea. She looked and saw another galley approaching fast as oars and sails could bring her.

"What of it?" she asked heavily. "It will but hasten the end."

"Nay," replied Nehushta, "this ship is Jewish; she does not fly the Eagles, or a Phœnician banner. Behold, the Syrian vessel is getting up her anchors and preparing to fight."

It was true enough, for now the oars of the Syrian shot out and she forged ahead towards the newcomer. But just then the current caught her, laying her broadside on, whereon the Jewish ship, driven by the following wind, shifted her helm and, amidst a mighty shouting from sea and shore, drove down upon her, striking her amidships with its beak so that she heeled over. Then there was more tumult, and Miriam closed her eyes to shut out the horrid sight.

When she opened them again the Syrian galley had vanished, only the water was spotted with black dots which were the heads of men.

"Gallantly done!" screamed Nehushta. "See, she anchors and puts out her boats; they will save us yet. Down to the water-gate!"

On their way they met Benoni coming to seek them, and with him won the steps which were already crowded with fugitives. The two boats of the galley drew near and in the bow of the first of them stood a tall and noble-looking figure.

"It is Caleb," said Miriam, "Caleb who has come to save us."

Caleb it was indeed. At a distance of ten paces from the steps he halted his boat and called aloud:

"Benoni, lady Miriam and Nehushta, if you still live, stand forward."

They stood forward.

"Now wade into the sea," he cried again, and they waded out until the water reached their armpits, when they were seized one by one and dragged into the boat. Many followed them and they were also dragged in, until that boat and the other were quite full, whereon they turned and were rowed to the galley. Having embarked them, the two boats went back and again were filled with fugitives, for the most part women and children.

Again they went, but as they laded for the third time, the ends of ladders appeared above the encircling walls of the steps, and Syrians could be seen rushing out upon the portico, whence they began to lower themselves with ropes. The end of that scene was dreadful. The boats were full, till the water indeed began to overflow their gunwales, but many still remained upon the steps or rushed into the water, women screaming and holding their children above their heads, and men thrusting them aside in the mad rush for life. The boats rowed off, some who could swim following them. For the rest, their end was the sword. In all seventy souls were rescued.

Miriam flung herself face downwards upon the deck of the galley and burst into tears, crying out:

"Oh! save them! Can no one save them?" while Benoni, seated at her side, the water running from his blood-stained garment, moaned:

"My house sacked; my wealth taken; my people slain by the Gentiles!"

"Thank God Who has saved us," broke in old Nehushta, "God and Caleb, and as for you, master, blame yourself. Did not we Christians warn you of what was to come? Well, as it has been in the beginning so it shall be in the end."

Just then Caleb appeared before them, proud and flushed with triumph, as he well might be who had done great things and saved Miriam from the sword. Benoni rose and, casting his arms about his neck, embraced him.

"Behold your deliverer," he said to Miriam, and, stooping down, he drew her to her feet.

"I thank you, Caleb. I can say no more," she murmured; but in her heart she knew that God had delivered her and that Caleb was but His instrument.

"I am well repaid," answered Caleb gravely. "For me this has been a fortunate day, who on it have sunk the great Syrian galley and rescued the woman—whom I love."

"Oath or no oath," broke in Benoni, bethinking him of what he had promised in the past, "the life you saved is yours, and if I have my way you shall take her and such of her heritage as remains."

"Is this a time to speak of such things?" said Miriam, looking up. "See yonder," and she pointed to the scene in progress on the seashore. "They drive our friends and servants into the sea and drown them," and once more she began to weep.

Caleb sighed. "Cease from useless tears, Miriam. We have done our best and it is the fortune of war. I dare not send out the boats again even if the mariners would listen to my command.

Nehushta, lead your lady to the cabin and strip her of these wet garments lest she take cold in this bitter wind. But first, Benoni, what is your mind?"

"To go to my cousin Mathias, the high-priest at Jerusalem," answered the old man, "who has promised to give me shelter if in these days any can be found."

"Nay," broke in Nehushta, "sail for Egypt."

"Where also they massacre the Jews by thousands till the streets of Alexandria run with their blood," replied Caleb with sarcasm, adding, "Well, to Egypt I cannot take you who must bring this ship to those who await her on this side of Joppa, whence I am summoned to Jerusalem."

"Whither and nowhere else I will go," said Benoni, "to share in my nation's death or triumph." If Miriam wills it, I have told her she can leave me."

"What I have said before I say again," replied Miriam, "that I will never do."

Then Nehushta took her to the cabin, and presently the oars began to beat and the great galley stood out of the harbour, till in the silence of the sea the screams of the victims and the shouts of the victors died into nothing, and as night fell nought could be seen of Tyre but the flare from the burning houses of the slaughtered Jews.

Save for the sobs and cries of the fugitives who had lost their friends and goods the night passed in quiet, since, although it was winter, the sea was calm and none pursued their ship. At daybreak she anchored, and coming from the cabin with Nehushta, in the light of the rising sun Miriam saw before her a ridge of rocks over which the water poured, and beyond it a little bay backed by a desolate coast. Nehushta also saw and sighed.

"What is this place?" asked Miriam.

"Lady, it is the spot where you were born. On yonder flat rock lay the vessel, and there I burned her many years ago. See those blackened timbers half buried in the sand upon the beach, doubtless they are her ribs."

"It is strange that I should return hither and thus, Nou," said Miriam, sighing.

"Strange, indeed, but mayhap there is a meaning in it. Before you came in storm to grow to womanhood in peace; now, perchance, you come on a peaceful sea to pass through womanhood in storm."

"Both journeys began with death, Nou."

"As all journeys end. Blackness behind and blackness in front, and between them a space of sunshine and shadow, that is the law. Yet have no fear, for dead Anna, who had the gift of prophecy, foretold that you should live out your life, though with me, whose days are almost done, it may be otherwise."

Miriam's face grew troubled.

"I fear neither life nor death, Nou, who am willing to meet either as may chance. But to part with you—ah! that thought makes me fear."

"I think that it will not be yet awhile," said Nehushta, "for, although I am old, I still have work to do before I lay me down and sleep. Come, Caleb calls us. We are to disembark while the weather holds."

So Miriam entered the boat with her grandfather and others who had escaped, for the faces of all of them were set towards Jerusalem, and was rowed to the shore over that very rock where first she drew her breath. Here they found Jews who had been watching for the coming of the galley. These men gave them a kind reception, and, what they needed even more, food, fire and some beasts of burden for their journey.

When all were gathered on the beach Caleb joined them, having handed over the galley to another Jew, who was to depart in her with those that waited on the shore, upon some secret mission of intercepting Roman corn-ships. When these men heard what he had done at Tyre, at first they were inclined to be angry, since they said that he had no authority to risk the vessel thus, but afterwards, seeing that he had succeeded, and with no loss of men, praised him and said that it was a very great deed.

So the galley put about and sailed away, and they, to the number of some sixty souls, began their journey to Jerusalem. A little while later they came to a village, the same where Nehushta had found the peasant and his wife, whose inhabitants, at the sight of them, fled, thinking that they were one of the packs of robbers that hunted the land in packs, like wolves, plundering or murdering all they met. When they learnt the truth, however, these people returned and heard their story in silence, for in those days such tales were common enough. As it came to an end a withered, sun-burned woman advanced to Nehushta, and, laying her hand upon her arm, pointed with the other at Miriam, saying:

"Tell me, friend, is that the babe I suckled?"

Then Nehushta, knowing her to be the nurse who had travelled with them to the village of the Essenes, greeted her, and answered "Yea," whereupon the woman cast her arms about Miriam and embraced her.

"Day by day," she said, "have I thought of you, little one, and now that my eyes have seen you grown so sweet and fair, I care not, I whose husband is dead and who have no children, how soon they close upon the world." Then she blessed her, and called upon her angel to protect her yonder in Jerusalem, and found her food and an ass to ride, and so they parted, to meet no more.

As it happened, they were fortunate upon that journey, since, with the armed guard of twenty men who accompanied Caleb, they were too strong a party to be attacked by the wandering bands of thieves, and, although it was reported that Titus and his army had already reached Caesarea from Egypt, they met no Romans. Indeed, their only enemy was the cold, which proved so bitter that when, on the second night, they camped upon the heights over against Jerusalem, having no tents and fearing to light fires, they were obliged to walk about till daylight to keep their blood astir. Then it was that they saw strange and terrible things.

In the clear sky over Jerusalem blazed a great comet, in appearance like a sword of fire. It was true that they had seen it before at Tyre, but never so brightly. Moreover, there it had not the appearance of a sword. This they thought to be an ill-omen, all of them, except Benoni, who said that the point of the sword



COMING ON BOARD AT THE END OF THE SWIM

stretched out over Cesarea, presaging the destruction of the Romans by the hand of God. Towards dawn, the pale, unnatural lustre of the comet faded, and the sky grew overcast and stormy. At length the sun came up, when, to their marvelling eyes, the fiery clouds took strange shapes.

"Look, look!" said Miriam, grasping her grandfather by the arm, "there are armies in the heavens, and they fight together."

They looked, and, sure enough, it seemed as though two great hosts were there embattled. They could discern the legions, the wide-blown standards, the charging chariots, and the squadrons of impetuous horse. The firmament had become a battle-ground, and lo! it was red as with the blood of the fallen, while the air was full of strange and dreadful sounds bred, perhaps, of winds and distant thunder, that came to them like the wail of the vanquished and the dull roar of triumphant armies. So terrified were they at the sight, that they crouched upon the ground and hid their faces in their hands. Only old Benoni standing up, his white beard and robes stained red by the ominous light, cried out that this celestial scene foretold the destruction of the enemies of God.

"Ay!" said Nehushta, "but which enemies?"

The tall Caleb, marching on his round of the camp, echoed:

"Yes, which enemies?"

Suddenly the light grew, all these fantastic shapes melted into a red haze, which sank down till Jerusalem before them seemed as though she floated in an ocean of blood and fire. Then a dark cloud came up, and for a while the holy Hill of Zion vanished utterly away. It passed, the blue sky reappeared, and lo! the clear light streamed upon her marble palaces and clustered houses, and was reflected from the golden roofs of the Temple. So calm and peaceful did the glorious city look that none would have deemed indeed that she was already nothing but a slaughter-house, where factions fought furiously, and day by day hundreds of Jews perished beneath the knives of their own brethren.

Caleb gave the word to break their camp, and with bodies shivering in the cold and spirits terrified by fear, they marched across the rugged hills towards the Joppa gate, noting as they passed into the valley that the country had been desolated, for

but little corn sprang in the fields, and that was trodden down, while of flocks and herds they saw none. Reaching the gate they found it shut, and there were challenged by soldiers, wild-looking men with ferocious faces of the army of Simon of Gerasa that held the Lower City.

"Who are you and what is your business?" these asked.

Caleb set out his rank and titles, and as these did not seem to satisfy them Benoni explained that the rest of them were fugitives from Tyre, where there had been a great slaughter of the Jews.

"Fugitives always have money: best kill them," said the captain of the gate. "Doubtless they are traitors and deserve to die."

Caleb grew angry and commanded them to open, asking by what right they dared to exclude him, a high officer who had done great service in the wars.

"By the right of the strong," they answered. "Those who let in Simon have to deal with Simon. If you are of the party of John or of Eleazer go to the Temple and knock upon its doors," and they pointed mockingly to the gleaming gates above.

"Has it come to this, then," asked Benoni, "that Jew eats Jew in Jerusalem while the Roman wolves raven round the walls? Man, we are of no party, although, as I think, my name is known and honoured by all parties, the name of Benoni of Tyre. I demand to be led, not to Simon, or to John, or to Eleazer, but to my cousin, Mathias, the high-priest, who bids us here."

"Mathias, the high-priest," said the captain, "that is another matter. Well, this Mathias let us into the city, where we have found good quarters and good plunder, so as one turn deserves another we may as well let in his friends. Pass, cousin of Mathias, the high-priest, with all your company," and he opened the gate.

They entered and marched up the narrow streets towards the Temple. It was the hour of the day when all men should be stirring and busy with their work, but lo! the place was desolate, yes, although so crowded, it still was desolate. On the pavement lay bodies of men and women slain in some midnight outrage. From behind the lattices of the windows they caught sight of the eyes of hundreds peeping at them, but none gave them a good-day, or said one single word. The silence of death seemed to brood upon the empty thoroughfares. Presently it was broken by a single wailing voice that reached their ears from so far away that they could not catch its meaning. Nearer and nearer it came, till at length in the dark and narrow street they caught sight of a thin, white-bearded figure, naked to the waist as though to show the hideous scars and rod-weals with which its back and breast were scored, still festering, some of them. This was the man who uttered the cries, and these were the words he spoke:

"A voice from the East! a voice from the West! a voice from the four Winds? a voice against Jerusalem and against the Temple! a voice against the bridegrooms and the brides! a voice against the whole people! Woe, woe to Jerusalem!"

Now he was upon them, yes, and marching through them as though he saw them not, although they shrank to one side and the other of the narrow street to avoid the touch of this ominous, unclean creature who scarcely seemed to be a man.

"Fellow, what do these words mean?" cried Benoni in angry fear. But, taking no heed, his pale eyes fixed upon the heavens, the wanderer answered only, "Woe, woe to Jerusalem! Woe to you who come up to Jerusalem!"

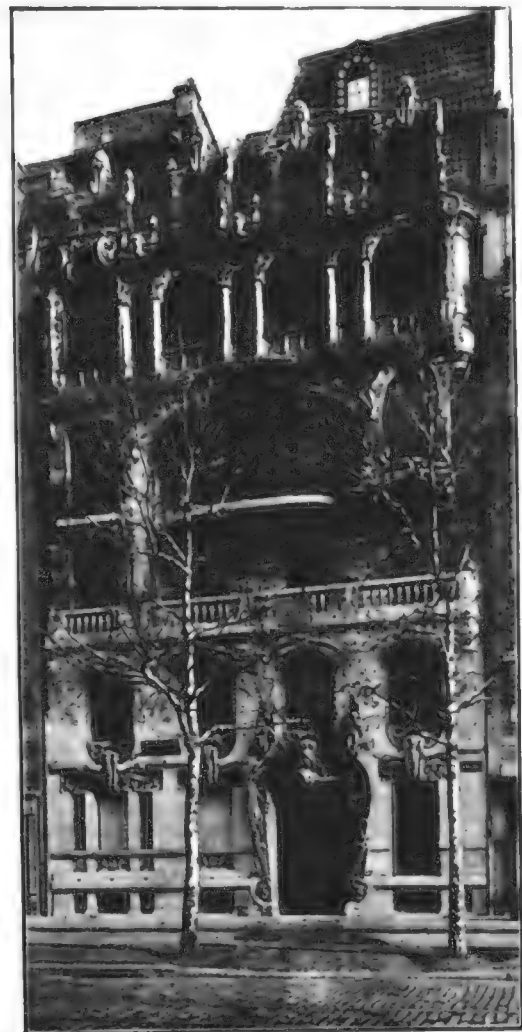
So he passed on, still uttering those awful words, till at length they lost sight of his naked form and the sound of his crying grew faint and died away.

"What a fearful greeting is this," said Miriam, wringing her hands.

"Ay!" answered Nehushta, "but the farewell will be worse. The place is doomed and all in it."

Only Caleb said, striving to look unconcerned:

"Have no fear, Miriam. I know the man. He is mad."



This house is one of the six for which prizes have been awarded by the Paris Municipality, in the annual *Concours de façades* instituted by the Town as an incentive to architects and house-owners to do their best to improve the aspect of street fronts in Paris. The whole front of this house—at No. 29, Avenue Rapp, Paris—is constructed of enamelled ceramic and stoneware materials, and the walls, floors, partitions and roofs of the building itself are built on an essentially fireproof system of steel-cored reinforced brick and reinforced cement, called the Cottancin system. The front is also steel-cored, and is tied by this means to the basket core of the main building, thus permitting the architect to execute an original and very bold design with heavy projections, which would have been almost impossible with ordinary materials of construction.

A NEW HOUSE IN PARIS

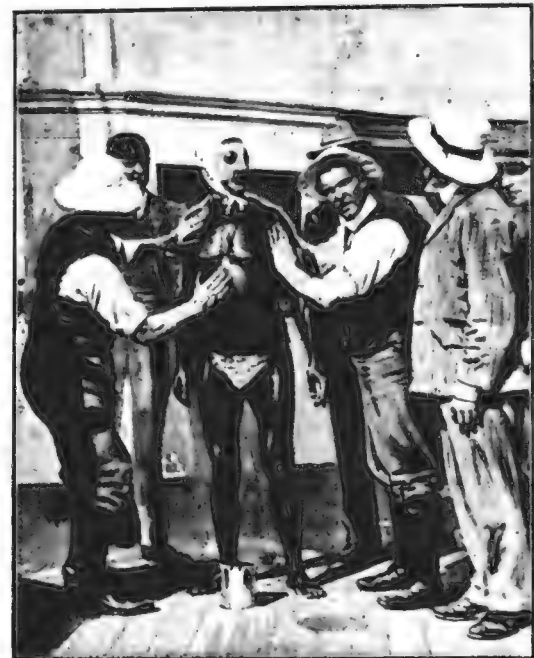
"Where does wisdom end and madness begin?" asked Nehushta. Then they went on towards the gates of the Temple, always through the same bloodstained, empty streets.

(To be continued)



A LITTLE LIGHT REFRESHMENT

Mr. Holbein's third attempt to swim the Channel took place last week, when he started from Cape Grisnez. After being in the water 22hrs. 21min. Holbein began to feel the strain, and it was deemed advisable by his friends to take him out. He was then three-quarters of a mile from Dover Castle and had covered fifty-three



PREPARING FOR THE START

miles. Before entering the water he was besmeared all over with a specially prepared grease. During his twenty-two hours in the water he was fed at intervals of an hour, varying milk food with bovril, raw eggs and sandwiches. Our photographs are by Broad, Dover

MR. HOLBEIN'S THIRD ATTEMPT TO SWIM ACROSS THE CHANNEL



FIXING THE WIRE TO A HOUSE



CAVALRY LAYING A WIRE IN THE FIELD



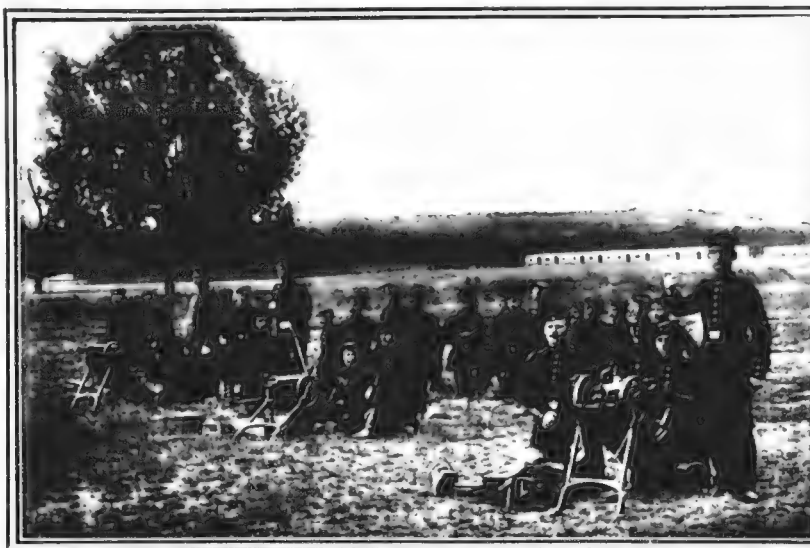
CAVALRY EQUIPMENT FOR THE TELEGRAPH



TESTING THE FINISHED TELEGRAPH AT THE EDGE OF A FOREST



THE MILITARY AUTOMOBILE CAR



A MACHINE-GUN SECTION AT WORK

THE TRAINING OF THE GERMAN ARMY: WITH THE 16TH ARMY CORPS IN WEST PRUSSIA

From Photographs by Walter Jacobi, Metz

THE German Empire is divided into nineteen army corps districts, in each of which an army corps complete is stationed and usually recruited in time of peace. An army corps comprises, as a rule, two divisions each of two brigades, one of infantry and one of cavalry, a fifth brigade of infantry, a brigade of two regiments of field artillery, a battalion of pioneers, a battalion of train and a varying number of battalions of foot artillery. Our illustrations are of Army Corps XVI., whose headquarters is Metz. Each army corps has a battalion of pioneers bearing, as a rule, the same number as that of the corps. There is also a pioneer detachment for each cavalry division. This consists of one officer and thirty non-commissioned officers and men. In the pioneer battalion is included a field telegraph section. On mobilisation the telegraph sections are mobilised by calling in reserve men who have been trained in telegraphy, and those who are employed in the State Telegraph Department. Each infantry division has a divisional telegraph section, and each army corps a corps section. A divisional

telegraph section consists of two non-commissioned officers and ten men, and two drivers with two two-horsed material wagons. The telegraph section wear the uniform of the pioneers; that is to say, a dark blue tunic with black collar and cuffs and scarlet shoulder straps. The trousers are dark grey with red piping. On the shoulder straps is the letter T. It is wonderful to see the perfection these telegraph sections have attained. They carry with them 22½ miles of air line, 10 miles of insulated cable, 50 miles of light steel wire, 341½ yards of special cable, 14 apparatus, 1,296 poles, etc. A telegraph line is quickly laid by one of these sections. A certain number of men carry long poles with U-shaped crooks for the purpose of carrying the wire along above the ground, and the work is done with a speed that is surprising. Another of our illustrations shows a machine-gun section at work. The gun in question is not carried on wheels, but is so made that it has to be carried by a couple of men. Readers of THE GRAPHIC will remember that we published an illustration of this new gun carriage not long ago.

Finally, we have an illustration of a military motor-car. These cars have been coming more and more into use. Not only are they used to convey staff officers from point to point, but they are gradually coming into use as luggage wagons. Experiments that have been made in this direction show that an army corps, which is sometimes twenty-five miles long on the march, is materially shortened in length by the use of motor-wagons. Of course, the distance covered in a forced march is increased when there are no horses to be considered. The marching capacity of the German infantry is well known. The usual distance in the German Army for a mixed column is from fourteen to twenty miles daily, with a whole day's rest every fourth day. In cases of emergency the rest on the fourth day is abandoned, and the march is increased to thirty miles. During a forced march a column can cover forty miles in twenty-eight hours, including five hours' rest. Regiments have been known to do thirty-five miles a day for five successive days.



AT AN UP-RIVER REGATTA: BETWEEN THE RACES

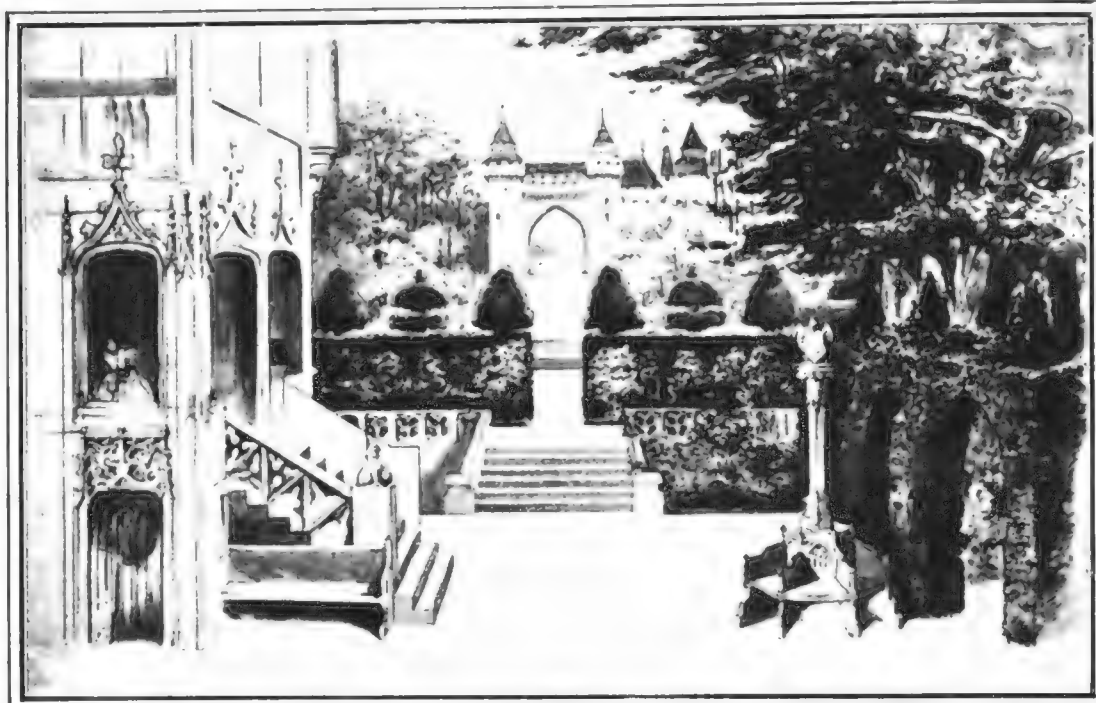
DRAWN BY P. B. HICKLING

The Theatres

BY W. MOY THOMAS

THE pastime of watching a new play for the sake of detecting the dramatist's borrowings is one that commends itself more to the critic who prides himself on a tenacious memory than to the play-going public, who, as a rule, are well content if the author has provided them with reasonable entertainment. Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy's historical melodrama, entitled *If I Were King*, which was brought out on Saturday evening, at the St. James's Theatre, affords a striking example of the truth of these well-proved maxims. Mr. McCarthy's borrowings from Shakespeare, from Victor Hugo, from Casimir Delavigne, from Théodore de Banville and other sources, cannot, indeed, be said to have stood in need of the services of the literary detective. *Il sautent aux yeux*, as Frenchmen say, and Mr. McCarthy could hardly have imagined that they would escape the notice even of the least critical of audiences, but they certainly had no influence in checking the enthusiasm of last night's spectators; for the play has the sovereign quality of movement; its rapidly shifting situations interest, and the author has, with rare skill, been able to sustain from first to last that key of phantasy and romance which, in spite of the oft-repeated charge that English audiences are hopelessly wedded to a prosaic and vulgar realism, rarely fails to win due appreciation. François Villon, the dissolute poet, is, as the reader knows, the hero of the story. He is seen in the first act surrounded by his disreputable associates of both sexes in a low tavern in Paris, where, after the manner of Gringoire, who has been made so familiar to us by Mr. Trollope in *The Barbed Mountain*, he sings a treasonable song in ignorance of the fact that the King, Louis XI., who is supposed to be indulging in nocturnal rambles, in the fashion of the Caliph Haroun Alraschid, is seated in disguise with Tristan l'Hermite at one of the tables. The King's resentment is for a while delayed by a desperate fight in semi-darkness between Villon and Thibaut d'Aussigny, the Great Constable, whom Villon has vowed to kill in revenge for an insult inflicted by him on the noble and beautiful Katherine de Vaucelles; but Villon has been guilty of the unpardonable offence of composing and singing in public the ballad "If I Were King," and when the wounded d'Aussigny orders his opponent to be hanged King Louis declares himself and claims his insolent subject.

The next act transports us to Mr. Percy Macquoid's beautiful scene of the King's rose garden and discloses a great apparent change in the fortunes of the vagabond poet. The King, in the indulgence of his grim humour, has resolved to play upon his prisoner a trick similar to that which is played upon Christopher Sly in the induction to *The Taming of the Shrew*. In brief, while Villon is sleeping under the influence of narcotics his ragged clothing is exchanged for sumptuous apparel, and when he awakens the attendants address him as the Count de Montcorbier, Grand Constable of France. This deception, however, has but little place in the story—at least, so far as Villon is concerned, for he speedily learns that it is the King's whim that he shall practically govern France for seven days in accordance with his boastful aspirations. The condition, however, is that he shall be hanged at the end of the time whatever may be the result unless he can meanwhile win the love of the haughty Katherine, who has given offence by rejecting the King's advances. It would be long to tell how the Count de Montcorbier, at the head of his brave followers, compels the Burgundian Army to raise the Siege of Paris; how the beautiful Katherine, dazzled by his noble patriotism, reciprocates his love, and when she is apprised of his base origin, rejects him with bitter



THE PALACE GARDEN IN "IF I WERE KING," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE
FROM THE SKETCH MADE BY PERCY MACQUOID, R.I., AS A DESIGN FOR THE SCENE OF ACTS II. AND III.

contumely; how, after the victory, the proud lady's love returns, even to the extent of inducing her to offer herself as a substitute when the malignant King orders her lover to be hanged, and how Louis, a victim to superstitious terrors, finally relents, to the great joy of the Army and the Parisian populace. Though the programme is crowded with names, the interest is concentrated upon four or five personages only, whose parts are fortunately admirably acted. Mr. George Alexander's tender scene with the Lady Katherine in the rose garden will certainly rank among his best achievements in this way. It contrasted very effectively with his swashbuckler airs in the tavern scene and his genial humour in the episode wherein, in the assumed character of the Great Chamberlain, he hears the charges against his riotous companions, who are supposed not to recognise him, and dismisses them one by one with a friendly admonition. There is a certain coldness in the nature of Katherine which withholds from her some of the sympathy of the audience; but the part is, nevertheless, played by Miss Julie Opp with great force of passion in a stately way. Mr. Fulton's Louis is a well-studied portrait of the crafty and malicious King, and Miss Suzanne Shelton is to be credited with a touching performance in the part of Huguenette, whose unrequited love for Villon ends in a tragic act of self-sacrifice. *If I Were King* bids fair to repeat at the St. James's the success that it is reported to have enjoyed in the United States.

At the ADELPHI, Miss Nance O'Neil has been appearing as Magda, in a new rendering of Sudermann's fine play, *Heimat*, thereby challenging comparison with Madame Bernhardt, Signora Eleonora Duse, and Mrs. Patrick Campbell. The comparison is unfortunate, for Miss O'Neil's talent is of a very secondary order, though before saying any final word, one would like to see her in tragedy, for which her figure and temperament suggest that she is far more fitted. Her physical gifts include a graceful figure, fine features, a powerful voice, and much emotional power. In many scenes she exhibits strength and in some she rises to the display of intensity. Indeed, the unfavourable impression which she first created gave way to something like enthusiasm after her great scene with the smug Councillor, Dr. Von Keller. Mr. McKee Rankin, as Schwartz, gives unquestionably the best performance in the production. It is an admirable study of the old Colonel—complete and finished in every detail. Miss Ethel Warwick is very fresh and charming as Marie, and is a very welcome *ing'neue*.

The Military Ride

THE military ride from Brussels to Ostend took place last week. The race was organised at the instigation of the King of the Belgians, who offered as the first prize a Louis Quatorze silver vase. The contest excited considerable interest in Belgium, and at both the starting and finishing points great crowds collected, while on the road the competitors were followed by people on bicycles and

in motor-cars. Of the sixty-one horses that started, no fewer than thirteen were literally ridden to death. Lieutenant Madamet, of the French Army, arrived at Ostend first, having covered the distance (132 kilometres) in six hours fifty-four minutes. The horse of Lieutenant Gibbon, of the English army (Royal Field Artillery), fell dead half a kilometre from Ostend. Lieutenant Gibbon finished the journey on foot.

Our Supplement

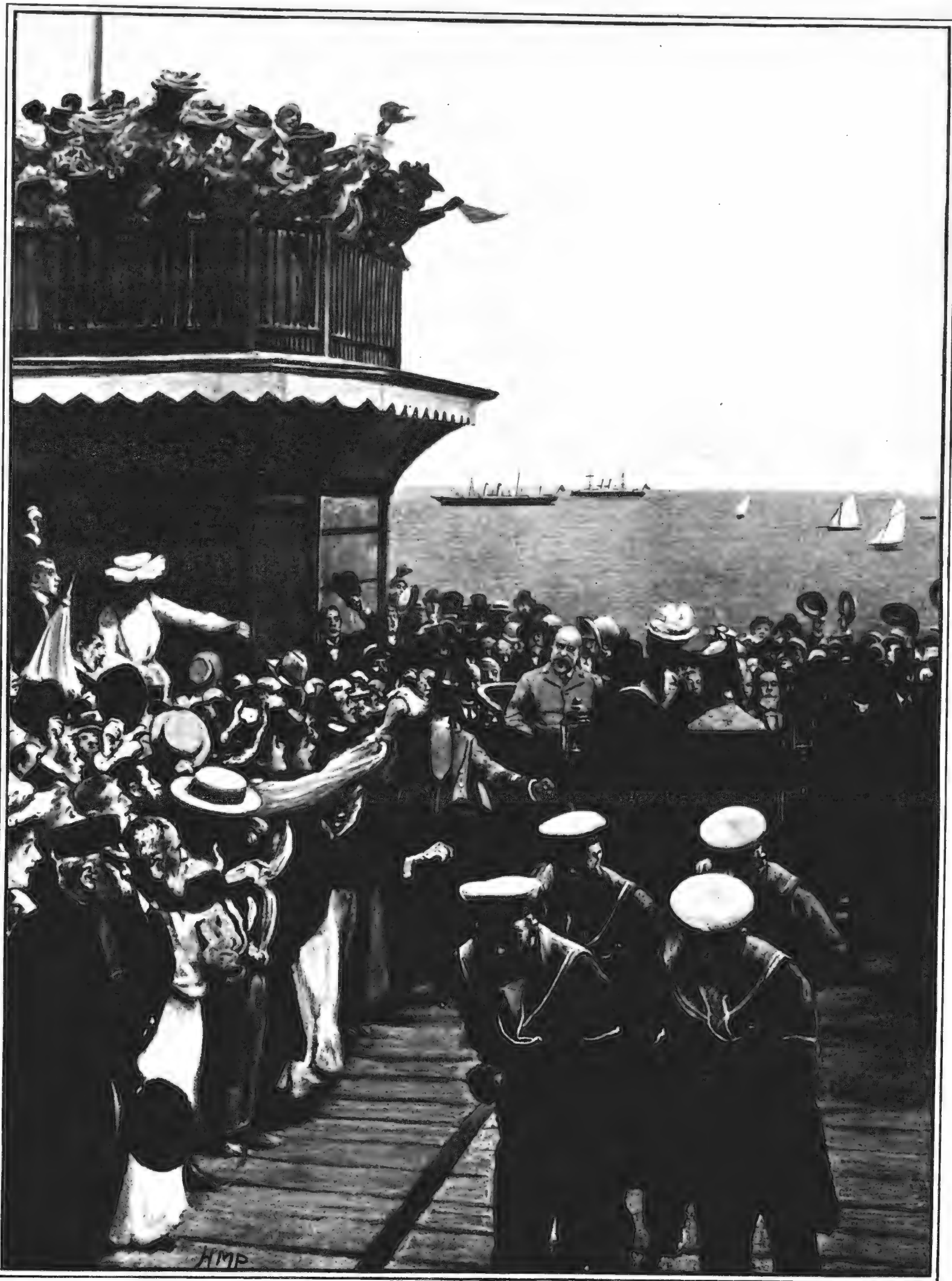
THE Orient Company's liner *Ophir* was, it will be remembered, the vessel that was fitted out for the Prince of Wales's tour and became for the time H.M.S. *Ophir*. Then it was painted white, as may be seen in our Supplement, but now it has reassumed the black hull which is a feature of all "Orient" steamships. The vessel was present at the Naval Review off Spithead, and attracted much attention. The *Ophir* is a magnificent ship, and well merits the description of a "floating grand hotel." Her length over all is 482ft., beam 53ft. 6in., depth 37ft., gross register 6,910 tons, horse-power 10,000. She is not the largest of the Orient Line steamers, but she has the same horse-power as the largest vessel in the Line, and her engines will drive her at a speed of eighteen knots. When this Company first began, in 1877, to carry passengers, the average duration of the voyage to Adelaide was about fifty days. The average of the *Ophir* is about thirty-four days. It is almost needless to say that a vessel like the *Ophir* is admirably fitted. Of course, during the Prince's occupation of the vessel, she was completely altered as far as internal arrangements went. In the middle of the ship dozens of cabins were taken out to make room for apartments as large and a great deal more commodious than those in which a visitor to a big London hotel finds himself placed during the crowded London season.



The arrival of the winner, Lieutenant Madamet
THE MILITARY RIDE FROM BRUSSELS TO OSTEND



Lieutenant Gibbon starting with the Russian rider, Cornet Fernor
THE MILITARY RIDE FROM BRUSSELS TO OSTEND



DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET

The King and Queen and Princess Victoria landed from the Royal yacht *Victoria and Albert* at Ramsey Pier, Isle of Man, last week, and received an enthusiastic reception from the islanders and visitors. The pierhead was reserved for representative ladies and gentlemen, and on landing, shortly before noon, Sir James Gell, acting Governor of the island, welcomed Their Majesties in the name of the Manx people. He was supported by the Bishop of Sodor and Man. Bouquets were presented to Queen

FROM A SKETCH BY SYDNEY P. HALL, M.V.O.

Alexandra and Princess Victoria by Mrs. Cruickshank, the wife of the High Bailiff of Ramsey, and Mrs. Moore, wife of the Speaker of the Manx Legislature. Their Majesties then entered a carriage, which was drawn by coastguardsmen along the half-mile length of the Queen Victoria Pier. At the gates the Royal party and suite entered other carriages and drove to Bishop's Court.

THE KING'S CRUISE: ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION AT RAMSEY, ISLE OF MAN



A HOUND TRAIL, IN CUMBERLAND

DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON



A HOUND TRAIL, IN CUMBERLAND

DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON



At Headingley Grounds, Leeds, a large crowd gathered to witness the new game introduced from America. Teams representing America and England met, and the match gave much delight to the spectators. The ball measures 10 ft. in circumference, and weighs 11 cwt. It is pushed along the ground or rolled over the heads and hands of the players, the rules being similar to those of Association Football.

ball. If a player tries to stop the ball he is usually knocked over. When there are several men pushing at the ball it gets squeezed into the air and balanced on the hands of the players. America won the match by 11 goals to 4. Our photograph is by C. F. Shaw.

THE NEW GAME OF PUSH-BALL: AMERICA v. ENGLAND AT LEEDS

"Place aux Dames"

BY LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

IN these days of unbridled luxury and expenditure, it is refreshing to read about the apostle of labour, Count Tolstoi, who has just completed his seventy-fourth year. Voluntary poverty is always more interesting than enforced poverty, for it necessitates a distinct exertion of will and a novel view of life. One wonders somewhat how the noble family, the wife and the children, took the sudden plunge into the bare realities of the working man's life; but if they accepted it with philosophy they deserve as great credit as the man himself, who chops his own wood, lights his own fires, and lives laborious days. Such faith carried into everyday practice cannot fail to impress and to edify. We want, occasionally, to look on such examples and to be brought back to the simple realities of things.

An hotel for working women, a novelty in France, has just been established by the "Société Philanthropique" in Paris. The scheme is one that might with advantage be copied in England. It affords a comfortable residence at a small cost, and provides the society which working women, each living in their own lodgings, so often lack. The hotel has a common dining-room and library, and an excellent cheap restaurant, such as can only be found in France. Too many of our working women neglect their food, content themselves with desultory and ill-cooked meals, live in a perpetual state of anemia, and forget that to look after the body is as necessary to the happiness and health of women as it is to men.

The athletic girl of the day is often wanting in manners. She slams the doors, whistles down the passage, and generally disports herself like a noisy boy, without reference to anyone's likes or dislikes. Time was when the shutting of a door betrayed the gentlewoman. To this day the Shakers of America, an essentially practical religious sect, teach the necessity of regular habits, careful diet, well-ventilated rooms, and such minutiae as the closing of doors so softly that no one can hear a sound. This, as one of the oldest brethren used to say, is "Shakerism reduced to the finest point."

Music-halls, so popular here, reach a high development in America. At Minneapolis, for instance, the concert-hall is on the edge of the lake, where benches rise up in tiers, and wooden tables remind the spectator of a German beer-garden. A huge raft is moored opposite, with a rostrum for the orchestra. On fine nights the raft moves out into the lake, so as to add the charm of distance to the music. This refined effect and the cost of a seat is to be had for twenty-five cents, including the ten cents for the tramway which leads direct from the city to the lake. The orchestra is a good one and the view by moonlight in the summer exquisite. The idea is a dainty caprice, scarcely imaginable in England.

Yet another new profession for women. This time it is that of election agent. A lady has passed the examination of the "Association of Liberal Certificated Agents," and is thus qualified to act as an election agent. Women have always been excellent canvassers, and whoever secures the services of the lady agent will no doubt reap considerable advantage.

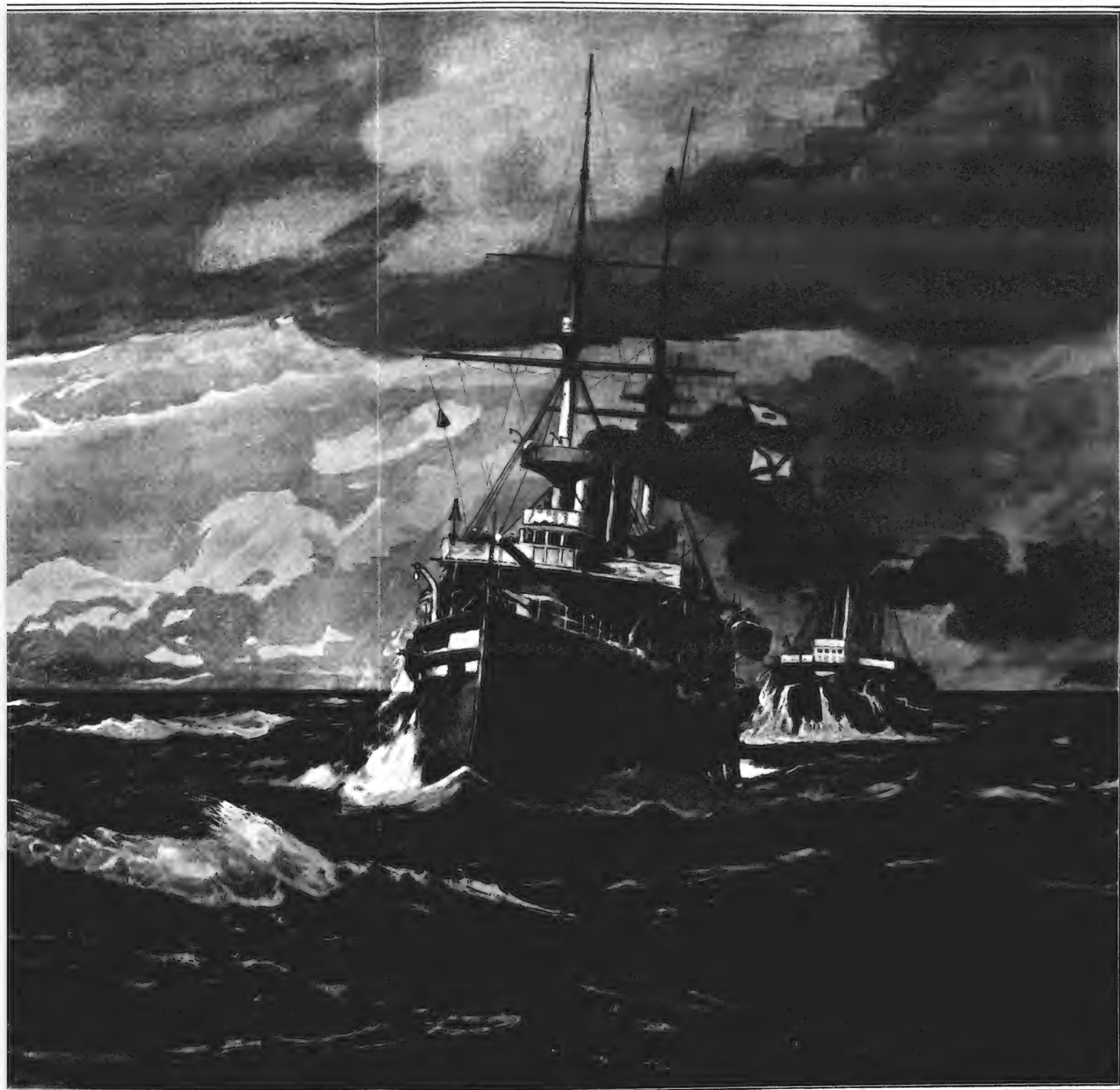
A burglar entered the castle of the Duke of Montrose in Scotland the other day, and was caught on his exit by a gardener, up and alert at three a.m., who grappled with him for twenty minutes before assistance came. The lesson to be learnt is that a sleeping household pays no attention to noise, and that to effect an entrance and obtain booty is comparatively easy. In this case the burglar spent three hours in the house, entered several rooms, and helped himself to money which he found in one of the drawers he ransacked in the Duchess's boudoir. In country places the police are few and far between, and unless a night watchman is provided, the finest residences are comparatively unguarded. A man can easily make a living by burgling, and in most cases escapes scot free. It is not often that gardeners are about at three in the morning, or that any member of the family awakes startled at a strange sound. Yet scarcely any precautions are taken as a rule, while servants usually neglect to lock doors or bolt windows.

Miss Kate Livingstone, a sister of the great explorer, has just completed her hundred and seventh year. Nearly all the centenarians are women. Doubtless the quiet and regularity of a woman's life accounts for this fact, and even a delicate youth rarely prevents her from living to a good old age. Whether such longevity is an unmixed good remains doubtful. People who outlive their relations, their friends, and their own generation, must feel a sense of solitude and strangeness that will go far to render life unhappy. Yet, that persons can live to such an age shows that it is, perhaps, only our strenuous and exhausting life that cuts short our days.



THE IMPERIAL TOUR: H.M.S. "OPHIR," ESCORTED BY H.M.S. "JUNO" AND H.M.S. "ST. GEORGE"

FROM THE PAINTING EXECUTED FOR H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES BY THE CHEVALIER DE MARTINO, M.V.O., MARINE PAINTER TO HIS



UR: H.M.S. "OPHIR," ESCORTED BY H.M.S. "JUNO" AND H.M.S. "ST. GEORGE," IN THE INDIAN OCEAN

THE PAINTING EXECUTED FOR H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES BY THE CHEVALIER DE MARTINO, M.V.O., MARINE PAINTER TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING



THE LATE MR. JAMES DOEL
The oldest Actor



THE LATE SERGEANT A. ATKINSON
Whose relatives have been given the V.C. which
he would have won, had he lived!



THE LATE REV. MR. BRUCE
Murdered in China



THE LATE REV. H. R. LEWIS
Murdered in China



THE LATE SIR CAMPBELL CLARKE
Critic and Foreign Correspondent

Our Portraits

MR. JAMES DOEL was in his ninety-ninth year when he died at Stonehouse. He was born at Maiden Bradley exactly a month later than Phelps. He went to school at Plymouth, and could remember rowing round the *Bellerophon* when she arrived off that port in 1815, and seeing the great Napoleon standing a prisoner on her deck. He made his first appearance at the Plymouth Theatre when Queen Victoria was barely a year old, and his last appearance shortly before the Diamond Jubilee year, when he escorted Mrs. Keeley across the footlights on the occasion of her ninetieth birthday and public farewell at the Lyceum. One of his proudest boasts was that of playing, when quite a young man, the part of Lancelot Gobbo to the Shylock of Edmund Kean at the Exeter Theatre. He appeared as Shylock in *The Merchant of Venice*, as Peter in *Romeo and Juliet*, as the Singing Witch to Macready's Macbeth, and as Jaques to Fanny Kemble's *Juliana*. One of his best parts, curiously enough, was that of Mrs. Malaprop in *The Rivals*, which he undertook, in the first instance, to fill a gap caused by the sudden illness of the actress cast for the role. When he was twenty-eight years old Mr. Doel became lessee and manager of the once popular little "band-box" house in Devonport, which has been pulled down for many years, and it was here that Sir Squire Bancroft joined the "stock" in 1862. Sothern's Dundreary was then at the height of its fame, and Mr. Doel reproduced the play with Mr. Bancroft as Lord Dundreary. Upon giving up the management of this theatre, Mr. Doel practically left the stage, only performing occasionally for the benefit of philanthropic objects, and at his annual benefits. Until about ninety-seven, he looked after the bar of the Prince George, his quaint old inn at Stonehouse, in the yard of which, seventy or eighty years before, Phelps made his first appearance in a travelling theatre. Our portrait is by Heath, Plymouth.

Sir Campbell Clarke, who has just died in his sixty-seventh year, was educated at Bonn, and was for eighteen years sub-librarian to the British Museum. In 1870 he became Paris correspondent to the *Daily Telegraph*, and arrived at Sedan a fortnight after the battle. In 1876 he went on a special mission to Constantinople, where the Congress was sitting, at which Lord Salisbury was the British representative, and he sent the first news to this country of the British occupation of Cyprus. During the whole of the subsequent period he was the principal representative of the *Daily Telegraph* in France, especially interesting himself in literary, dramatic and musical criticism. Sir Campbell Clarke was an officer of the Legion of Honour and of Public Instruction; a Grand Officer of the Medjidieh, the Lion and Son of Persia, and the Redeemer of Greece; and a Knight of the Order of Charles III. of Spain. He received the honour of knighthood in 1897. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry.

The Rev. H. R. Lewis and the Rev. Mr. Bruce were murdered at Chen-chau, in the province of Hu-nan. The murders were the result of a widespread epidemic of cholera in the district, for which the foreigners have been held responsible. The two murdered men were the only agents of the China Inland Mission in the neighbourhood. Chen-chau is one of the most recently opened stations of the Mission, work there having commenced only just before the Boxer rising. It was then temporarily abandoned, and the victims of the latest outrage had only lately recommenced work in the place. The Rev. H. R. Lewis, of Cumberland, had been in China for three years. Mr. Bruce had gone out from Australia.

Sergeant Atkinson, one of the heroes of Paardeberg, would have received the Victoria Cross had he lived, and it has now been handed to his relatives. Sergeant Atkinson's father has received the following letter from Captain M. E. Gunthorpe, Adjutant of the 1st Yorkshire Regiment:—"The commanding officer desires me to give you the particulars concerning the death of your gallant son, the late Sergeant Atkinson, of my regiment, during the battle of Paardeberg, in which the battalion took a most prominent part, being the first to advance to the attack, remaining in the firing line from early dawn till dark at very close range from the enemy's trenches. During the morning, when his company was near the Modder River, the late Sergeant A. Atkinson carried Lieutenant Hammick, of the Oxfordshire Light Infantry, who was wounded, under a heavy fire to a place of safety, and bound up his wounds. Subsequently he heroically went down to the river seven times under a heavy fire to fetch water for the wounded. At the seventh time he fell mortally wounded through the head. The water's edge being within fifty yards of the enemy, with no cover, made the fetching of water almost certain



The guides, Samuel Braward and Fritz Bohren, lost their lives in an avalanche on the Wetterhorn when climbing with two Englishmen named Fearon. Samuel Braward was one of the best guides in Grindelwald, and Fritz Bohren had a good reputation. Subscriptions are being raised for the relief of the widows and children by Pastor Strasser of Grindelwald, the smallest contributions being gratefully accepted. Our photograph is by Anton Krenn, Zurich.

VICTIMS OF THE WETTERHORN DISASTER

death, four or five men of the battalion having previously been killed in attempting to get water from the same place. The heat was very great, and water was urgently required for the wounded. Lieutenant Hammick himself reported the bravery of your son to the adjutant, and asked that he should be recommended for the V.C., as he said he was the bravest man he had ever seen, and that he, Lieutenant Hammick, undoubtedly owed his life to his gallant conduct. Officers, non-commissioned officers, and men alike deplore the loss of a gallant and favourite comrade, and the regiment has lost in him one of its best and most reliable sergeants. I have known him well for some years, and cannot speak too highly of him, poor fellow." Our portrait is by T. Price and Son, Jersey.



The cross is here shown being held by the Rev. Jocelyn Perkins, Sacrist and Minor Canon. Ras Makonnen came over to England for the Coronation as the representative of the Emperor Menelik of Abyssinia, and before leaving for Paris presented this cross to the Dean and Chapter. Our photograph is by S. B. Boland and Co.

CROSS PRESENTED TO WESTMINSTER ABBEY BY RAS MAKONNEN

Club Comments

BY "MARMADUKE"

WHEN Mr. Arthur Balfour became Prime Minister the political world was convinced that several members of the Government would retire with their late colleague and chief, Lord Salisbury. Some of those who were expected to do this did, whilst others still remain in the new Cabinet. There is now reason to believe that further changes in the Administration will be announced before Parliament re-assembles in October for the Autumn Session.

Politicians of Ministerial rank—on either side—have started a "silly-season" discussion which is not altogether without interest. When Mr. Gladstone retired finally from public life, he still remained an important factor in the political struggle. His voice occasionally reached the public, and influenced many. Lord Rosebery, when in temporary retirement, was also induced at times to express his opinion. Will Lord Salisbury be a political volcano which may become active, or has he entirely abandoned public life? A statesman of the importance of Lord Salisbury increases rather than diminishes his moral influence in the country by retiring. Occasions may, and probably will, arise when a few words from the late leader of the Unionist Party might have great weight. Is Lord Salisbury to be relied upon as a reserve force in case of necessity? The interest of the discussion centres on this, that were the Liberal Unionists to attempt a revolt during the lifetime of the late Premier, his opinion would undoubtedly exercise some influence.

Capital is the best diplomatist. The Government is accused of not having taken the Shah sufficiently seriously during his recent short visit to England. The Great Powers are eagerly playing the "confidence trick" on His Majesty, and our Government is accused of not entering into the affair with equal keenness. That may be so, but the development of Persia is a task which mainly depends on the capitalist. Unless American enterprise enters seriously in the struggle, it will be left chiefly to British capitalists to deal with the future in Persia, and, therefore, the interests of the former country will not be neglected, even if the Government has not risen to the occasion. The Shah and his people want money, and the nation which provides the most will have the last word.

The motor-craze must be kept within bounds. The terrible accident which occurred in France some days ago, which caused the death of an American millionaire and his wife, has directed the attention of the world to the new and steadily growing evil. Almost daily, either in the United States or in Europe, men, women, and children are run over by motor-cars, who drive their cars along the public highways at a speed which trains do not attempt. The maiming and murdering of these unfortunate people have aroused little indignation, but the world is induced to reconsider the situation by the suicide—for it is little less—of two millionaires! The British public as yet knows little of motor-car dangers. The machines which run in this country are few, are not of very high speed as a rule, and are generally driven with some consideration for consequences. In most other countries the high roads are filled with whizzing motor-cars, and it is to be supposed that eventually they will be as plentiful in England. It is earnestly to be hoped that the local and other authorities will control the speed of these machines rigorously from the first, for otherwise many appalling accidents will occur when the motor-craze reaches this country. A millionaire, driving through Northern France recently, killed over twenty animals, including a deer and two hares. That gives some idea of the speed at which he was travelling!

There is an impression that the Coronation celebrations are not yet ended; indeed it is suggested that the procession through the streets of London, which was abandoned on account of the illness of the King, will take place in the autumn. It is more probable that His Majesty will, later in the year, proceed in State to St. Paul's Cathedral to attend a service of thanksgiving for his recovery. That procession would almost certainly travel along the route which was chosen for the original "progress." Whatever further celebrations may be decided upon, neither the clubs nor householders will make the elaborate preparations which were general last June. The losses incurred then, indirectly chiefly, have seriously affected many. It is the steady trade of the town which fills the pockets of tradesmen, and two Jubilees and a Coronation have taught that such popular ceremonials gravely injure trade.



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THE CROWD IN THE VILLAGE "RARA" OR MEETING GROUND

Native Ceremonies in Fiji

FROM A CORRESPONDENT

THE native ceremony of Burua, or laying aside of mourning, is one which few European residents in Fiji have witnessed. It is but rarely held, and the honour it signifies is in proportion. Therefore, when the Fijians asked to be permitted to hold a Burua in memory of their late beloved Queen Victoria, they paid her memory the highest tribute that lay in their power. Very naturally the authorities were ready to acquiesce in the native proposal, and June 23 last saw collected on the island of Bau somewhere between two and three thousand natives, including the leading chiefs of the group. The village of Bau is still the centre of native life in Fiji, besides being the most historically interesting. It was here lived the great King Cakobau (Thakombau), who was instrumental in the cession of the islands to Britain a quarter of a century ago. And, strangely enough, prior to the Burua in honour of the memory of Queen Victoria, Cakobau was the last to be so honoured. The ceremony itself is not very elaborate, although from the European standpoint it is sufficiently remarkable. On the present occasion, seated in the village temple, the Western Pacific Administrator's party faced a semicircle of Fiji's leading chiefs, squatted on the floor. The *tabua*, or whale's tooth, was presented to the Governor and returned, the natives meanwhile breaking in in chorus with deep-throated



ONE OF THE MEN WHO PREPARED THE YAGUNA BOWL

ejaculations, followed by resonant but subdued clapping. This handing of the *tabua*, as a sign of friendly greeting, prefaces all Fijian ceremonial. A speech by the Roko Tui Bau followed, spoken so low that it was impossible at a few yards distant to catch his words. And then, the building cleared of spectators, the chiefs laid aside the insignia of mourning. On the spacious *rara*, or village playground, outside, encircled by the picturesque native houses and mission church, the ceremony was concluded. Here all the natives were allowed to join in, and, forming a large circle, they faced the Administrator with grave decorum, the bowl of *yaguna*, or *kava*, was prepared and drunk, first by the Administrator and party, and then by some dozen chiefs in rigid order of precedence. Afterwards the Administrator addressed the natives, extolling in simple language the life and work of the Queen, for whom they had just laid aside mourning. The donations of various



PREPARING THE KAVA

districts (in sovereigns, in neat little purple bags) to the Victoria Memorial Fund were handed over by the district chiefs, amounting in the aggregate to the considerable sum of 1,600*l*. While the ceremony had been approaching its conclusion in all parts of the village natives were preparing for the *mehes* or dances which they had been rehearsing for months. This preparation is quite as elaborate as that indulged in by any belle dressing for a ball, though it must be admitted that there are slight differences in the result achieved. The native smothers his face in soot, daubs his shoulders and forehead with patches of red paint, adorns his arms with garlands of green, and puts on a *sulu* of tapa ribbons, greenery, and bright flowers, extending from waist to knee. Grasping his club he steps forth, and if not exactly typical of an æsthetic type of beauty he is at least impressive in his ugliness. The dances are marvels of precision, the result of long practice, but are hardly either inspiring or terrifying. Nevertheless, they are certainly unique, and their interest is enhanced by the large number taking part. The dancing over, the natives evidently considered that they had earned more than an ordinary meal. The immense piles of yams and taro; the unsightly pigs cooked whole, and their not less pleasant-looking live relations; the cooked turtles, no more helpless than those others lying there on their backs, with feeble movement of flapper, dreaming of cool depths and coral caves, but unable to move an inch; all bore witness to the fact that this was a time of feasting. And so, the ceremony over, Bau gave itself up to a gorgeous feast, and the sounds of revelry by night were, no doubt, to be heard had anyone waited to hear them.

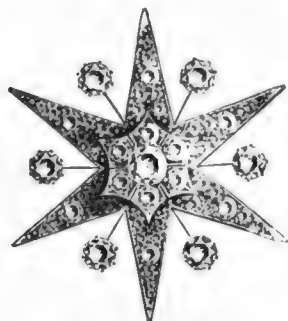
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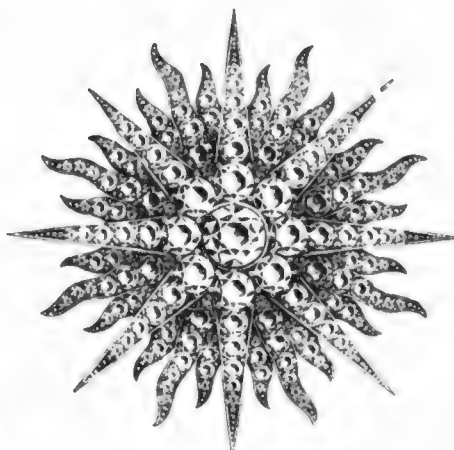
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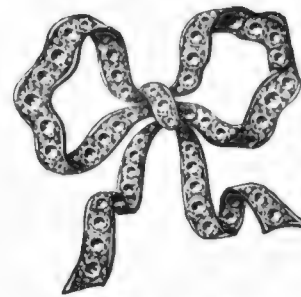
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Our Bookshelf

MILLAIS' "PARABLES OF OUR LORD"

ONE of the best known of the publications of the Dalziel Brothers was "The Parables of Our Lord," containing a series of twenty drawings by the late Sir J. E. Millais. The artist undertook the work with enthusiasm. It was to him literally, as he said, "a labour of love," and the wonderfully interesting series of illustrations which he produced are too well known to need any comment now. What is interesting, though, is that at the time of the publication of the book, namely, in 1864, the Dalziels had fifty sets of impressions specially printed on India paper, and these prints have now been bound in volume form, and issued as a magnificent *édition de luxe*. To make the book more complete, and to give it that personal touch which adds so much to the value, the edition contains a series of twenty autograph letters, reproduced in *fac simile*, from Millais to the Dalziels during the progress of the work, and these show as nothing else could, the deep interest which the artist took in his task, his appreciation of the engravers' work, and the pleasant friendship which existed between painter and publisher. The volume is handsomely bound in whole morocco, and the edition is, of course, limited to something under fifty copies. It is issued privately from the Camden Press by Charles Dalziel.

"HOOKEY"

"Hookey: Being a Relation of Some Circumstances Surrounding the Early Life of Miss Josephine Walker," by A. Neil Lyons (T. Fisher Unwin), is the long title of a volume so small that it might easily pass unnoticed—which would be a grave misfortune for everybody concerned. On the other hand, "grave" is the very last epithet that can be applied to its recognition. Mr. Lyons knows how to make his readers laugh on the right side and in the right way. He has caught that most elusive of all forms of humour, the Cockney, which by no means consists, as most observers seem to imagine, in the maltreatment of the aspirate, and has undergone many transformations of many kinds since Sam Weller's day. "Hookey," the presiding genius of "Walker's Emporium" in Joy Street, hard by the Edgware Road, is the quintessence of its best blend of shrewdness, credulity, impudence, more than provincial narrowness, sentimental excitability, good temper, and ideas of honour almost as odd but quite as thorough as those of a Prussian Hussar. In short, Miss Josephine Walker is a creation—which is as much as to say that she is also a type, inasmuch as such is the case with every literary creation worth a straw. Her manner of speech, though that is delightfully the real thing, is among the least of her merits; we would hesitate to count as the greatest even her niceness to the Irrevocable Grand Chairman of the United Covenant of Free Debaters. He, and others of her friends and foes, carry us into the inmost core of Cockneydom. It is not, however, all fun that we find there. Mr. Lyons finds very little of it in the Music Halls patronised by Hookey and her class, on the ground that they make people laugh at the wrong things in the wrong way. And, as the result of his own story is so diametrically the opposite, he has certainly won the right to speak his mind.

"IN SUMMER SHADE"

As befits its title, Mary E. Mann's new story (John Long) is pleasantly written, and easy to read. We all know the large family of girls, with their futile and impecunious father, whose name in the present instance happens to be Burne; but, under one name or another, it has made many a reputation since its capacities were first discovered by Miss Rhoda Broughton, and will doubtless make many more. To give it a gipsy mother is a variation which proves to be of less psychological importance than was probably intended. The point of the plot is the generosity of one sister in taking upon her shoulders an escapade perpetrated by another, and the temporarily injurious consequences that ensued. However, all these familiar materials are well worked up with more freshness of result than was to be reasonably expected.

"THE GREAT PUSH EXPERIMENT"

About a year ago, a considerable amount of attention, and of surprise also, was excited by an article in *Blackwood* on the manners and customs of the "Larrikin" of New South Wales. It was not the existence of "Pushes," or organised murder and robbery societies, that was so especially remarkable as the strictness of their discipline, and the high standard of sobriety and morality exacted from and observed by gangs of ruffians who (according to the account in question) find in kicking their fellow-creatures to death not only their business but their pleasure. One thing is certainly the reverse: of surprising that the writer of the article, Mr. Ambrose Pratt, should have utilised such material for a novel (Grant Richards). He has daringly and yet convincingly imagined the case of a lad who, with the inherited instincts of a gentleman and brains of a scholar, has been brought up from his infancy in the inner circle of the most powerful "Push" in Sydney, taking its atmosphere for granted, though as little of it as was Andersen's Ugly Duckling of the farm-yard. The "Experiment" is the plan of the "Push" to send him to college and to the bar, and then send him to represent their interests in Parliament with what consequences to himself when his entrance into the ordinary world enables him to realise his position, may be partially surmised. The story of his emancipation is almost over-full of fiendish horrors; the author's prefatory disclaimer of exaggeration is certainly required. Possibly a similar disclaimer might have been as well with regard to his pictures of Sydney Society in its uppermost strata. At any rate, so far as manners are concerned, there seems to be little essential difference between those of Miss May Denton, the beautiful heiress, and Judith Kelly, the "Push-Girl." Nothing less like the conventional Australian novel can well be imagined, or—apart from the frantic and too osculatory love business—more sensationally absorbing.

"BIRDS IN THE GARDEN"

In this eminently readable and instructive little work, the writer explains how one can carry on two interesting and useful pastimes at one and the same time. In other words, he combines the study of birds and bird habits with photography. According to the author

"Birds in the Garden." By Granville Sharpe, M.A. (Dent.)

there is an increasing interest taken in observing the characteristics of the living bird, as against the desire to possess its skin or examine its bones. This may be, and probably is, the result of the popularity of photography, and the great improvements that have been made in photographic apparatus, and especially in "rapid" plates. At all events, it looks, as the writer remarks, as if a camera would soon come to be regarded as a part of a naturalist's equipment. Mr. Sharpe not only gives a most interesting account of his own observation of birds in their native state, which he has illustrated with over a hundred photographs taken by himself, but by his simple and lucid description of how their photographs were taken and of the various dodges and paraphernalia which he found necessary to employ in order to get good illustrations of living birds, he has made it comparatively simple for any possessor of a camera to follow in his footsteps.

"CHARLES DICKENS, HIS LIFE, WRITINGS, AND PERSONALITY"

So much has already been written about Dickens, and his works so fully discussed by good, bad, and indifferent authorities, that it seemed almost impossible that there could be room for another work on the same subject. However, Mr. Kitton has succeeded in compiling a very interesting volume, and if it produces no new and important facts concerning the novelist, at any rate, it will prove a valuable adjunct to a complete edition of Dickens's works. The author tells us that it has been his endeavour to register chronologically, the incidents and achievements appertaining to the life of "Immortal Boz," and in so doing has adopted a course previously unattempted by biographers of England's most popular novelist. This in itself gives additional value to the work as a book of reference, and moreover in his five hundred and odd pages of printed matter he has left no incident of Dickens's career, no critiques of his works that are worthy of quotation, unnoticed—the work, in fact, is encyclopaedic in its detail. The numerous portraits from paintings, drawings, and photographs, taken at different times of his life are alone of considerable interest. The letterpress, which is written, in great part, in inverted commas, is somewhat monotonous in its diction, but notwithstanding this one defect, the work will be read with pleasure and with profit by all admirers of the great novelist. In his concluding chapters—perhaps the best written, as they are the most original of them all—the biographer dilates upon the characteristics and idiosyncrasies of his subject, pointing out the latter's views and opinions on Literature, Science, Art, and Politics, and describing his habits, methods of writing, tastes, etc., thus enabling the reader to gather some idea of and to understand the real Dickens.

"DOG SHOWS AND DOGGY PEOPLE"

Dog-breeding, dog-keeping and dog-showing have become so universal and fashionable that Mr. Lane's volume cannot help but interest the ever-growing number of "Doggie People." The book is well written and even at times amusing. The second part of the work deals exclusively with dog shows, opening with the first show

"Charles Dickens, His Life, Writings, and Personality." By Frederick G. Kitton. (Yack.)

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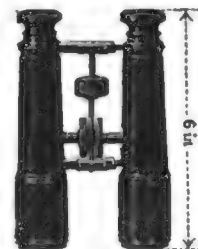


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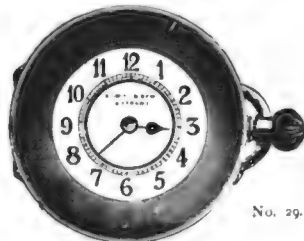


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A portion of the famous bridge at Ironbridge collapsed on Sunday night. This bridge was the first iron bridge ever built. The Darbys, the well-known ironmasters at Coalbrookdale, close by, projected the structure. The castings were made at Coalbrookdale, the abutments built in 1777-8, and the bridge opened for traffic in 1779. Robert Stephenson says of the bridge:—"If we consider that the manipulation of cast iron was then in its infancy, a bridge of such dimensions was doubtless a bold as well as an original undertaking, and the efficiency of the details is worthy of the boldness of the conception." Our photograph is by Arthur W. Ward.

THE BRIDGE AT IRONBRIDGE, PART OF WHICH HAS COLLAPSED

on record, which took place in Newcastle-on-Tyne in 1859, and concluding with the Kennel Club Show at the Alexandra Palace in 1878. The earlier portion of the book treats of dog owners and their animals, each short article being accompanied by portraits of the exhibitor and of the exhibit.

"THE GREAT ADVENTURER"

This Life of Napoleon hardly calls for any particular comment. Well written it undoubtedly is, and moreover the author shows a keen insight into the character of "The Great Adventurer," and a thorough understanding of the motives that actuated him in all his great and small political moves, conquests and intrigues. Although we see but little *raison d'être* for the volume, it is evidently intended for those who would gather a clear and thorough idea of Napoleon's life and character without wading through more voluminous tomes—and for these it will prove all that can be desired, for it is a concise and well-thought-out little work.

"DISTINGUISHED CHURCHMEN AND PHASES OF CHURCH WORK"

In the preparation of this volume the object, says the author, has been to deal, in language readily understood by all, with some distinguished Churchmen of the day, and the particular phase of the work with which each has prominently identified himself. Of course, it would have been impossible to include all who have distinguished themselves in church work in a comparatively short volume, therefore the collection has been restricted to men in Orders. To a great extent the work is made up of personal interviews, to which the writer has added his own observations and

"The Great Adventurer." By Major Arthur Griffiths. (Treherne.)
"Distinguished Churchmen and Phases of Church Work." By Charles H. Dant. (Treherne.)

other details. Mr. Dant is to be congratulated on the representative selection he has made. It includes men who have devoted their lives to nearly every phase of church work. Thus, amongst the sixteen Churchmen spoken of in the volume, we have the Bishop of Llandaff and Church Extension in Wales; the Right Rev. Alfred Barry and Church Influence in Greater Britain; the Bishop of Uganda and Suppressing the Slave-trade and Evangelising East Africa; Prebendary Webb-Peploe and a Quarter of a Century in the West End; the Rev. Harry Wilson and Among the East End Slums; the Rev. John Cox Edgill and the Church in the Army; the Bishop of Zululand and the Church and the War in South Africa; and others equally prominent in their particular work.

Opera in English

DURING the opening week at Covent Garden the Manners-Moody Company produced no fewer than seven operas, most of them, of course, works frequently performed in the provinces, and therefore familiar to every member of their two travelling troupes. This week the management have contented themselves with repetitions, except as to Wednesday, when *Lohengrin* was announced. The chorus have been the principal feature; and in this, be it said, history has repeated itself, for when the Carl Rosa Company first opened in London, now eight-and-twenty years ago, the special merits of the choir and the excellence of the *ensemble* attracted attention to the enterprise. During the grand season there is no time to teach the chorus anything save their parts in the few novelties which are promised in the course of the summer. Consequently there is a tendency to almost perennially re-engage the old chorists, who thoroughly know their business whatever may be the condition of their voices. At Covent Garden during the cheap season it is different. The repertory, of course, is smaller, but Mr. Manners and his chorus master (whose name, by the way, should certainly be placed on the programmes) have been for several weeks rehearsing and preparing the singers for their work. It was a pleasure again to hear young and fresh voices, especially in such operas as *Tannhäuser*, where the chorus of pilgrims reminded us of the old Carl Rosa days; in *Carmen*, which was repeated on Saturday afternoon, with Miss de Lussan as the gipsy and Mr. Coates for the first time as Don Jose; and in *Faust*, where the Soldiers' Chorus has not for years past been so effectively rendered. Usually a few men in uniform, headed by a band of the Guards (the late Mr. Mapleson was rather proud of the Lion and Unicorn being carried on the big drum at the head of the German army), marched on the stage and stood in a semicircle, hurling the chorus at the footlights. Mr. Manners and his stage managers prefer the soldiers to remain more naturally in groups, with girls gaily dancing around them.

The only absolutely English work which has been given during the whole fortnight at Covent Garden is our old friend *Martina*. Wallace's opera—which, by the way, strangely enough dates from the same year (1845) as *Tannhäuser*—enjoyed a long spell of popularity. But its day is now well-nigh over, thanks, of course, mainly to the nonsense of Fitzball's libretto, although the book is based upon no less famous a work than *Don César de Bazan*. Madame Fanny Moody, it is true, sings with much taste the ballads which during the past half-century have so often been essayed by stage *débütantes*. But Wallace's opera is now of



A handsome silver centrepiece has just been finished for the South Wales Borderers. It has been subscribed for by past and present officers in commemoration of the bi-centenary of the regiment. Upon a raised, richly ornamental pedestal stands an exquisitely modelled equestrian statuette of John Churchill, the great Duke of Marlborough, Colonel of the Regiment in 1702. The principal panel of the pedestal, executed in bas-relief, depicts the great battle of Blenheim, the reverse being occupied by a similar panel representing the Battle of Chillianwallah. Flanking the base of the pedestal are the regimental and Queen's colours respectively, supported on either side by the old and new badges of the 24th Regiment. There are four statuettes standing upon dwarf pedestals at either corner depicting the uniforms of the regiment at different periods of its existence. The height of the centrepiece is 2 ft. 6 in., width 2 ft. 2 in., and length 3 ft. 6 in. It was designed and modelled throughout by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Ltd., of Oxford Street, W., and Queen Victoria Street, and is now on view in their Oxford Street show-rooms.

A HANDSOME PIECE OF REGIMENTAL PLATE

the past. So to even a greater extent is *Il Trovatore*. The melodies, which were at one time ground to death on the barrel organs, now seem to be forgotten. A past generation would have been amazed to learn that the famous "anvil" chorus, sung before a popular audience, passed absolutely without a hand. The audience, indeed, did not appear at all to understand the absurd story. They were moved to laughter when the Count de Luna melodramatically declared "She shall be mine," and his followers at the wings stoically replied "She shall be thine," and although certain things which they happened to know (for example the "Miserere") were applauded, the opera has obviously had its day. From a musical point of view Madame Blanche Marchesi did her best for the music of Leonora, even as a couple of nights before she had displayed equally excellent intentions in the music of Santuzza, concealing by her art any deficiencies there may have been in the voice. But from a stage point of view neither character suits her. Mr. O'Mara was the tenor, both in *Il Trovatore* and in *Cavalleria Rusticana*. Mascagni's masterpiece was preceded by *Pagliacci*. A capital performance was given of Leoncavallo's opera, thanks greatly to the bright and intelligent acting of Miss Hikisch, an American soprano, who joined the company about a year ago, and to the highly dramatic singing of Mr. Brozel.

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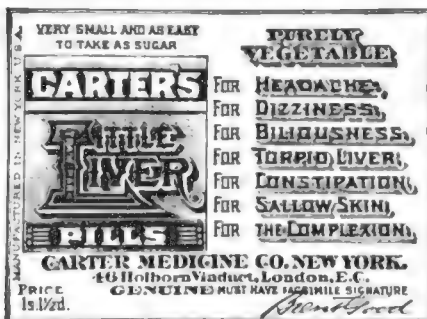
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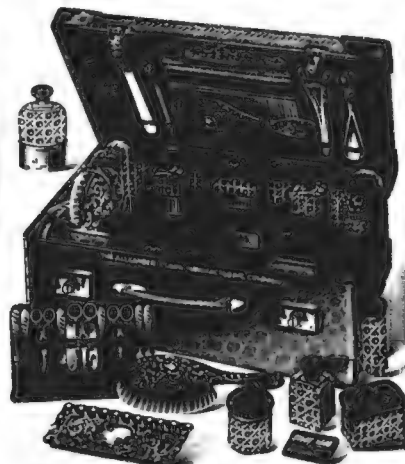
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Rural Notes

THE SEASON

August made up three inches of rainfall at most stations, but handed over to us a fairer promise for September. The backward state of the harvest is irreparable, but the most vigorous efforts are being made to secure the belated crops, and labour is fairly abundant. Accustomed to the easier work of the machines, whose introduction they so bitterly opposed, farm hands dislike nowadays the use of either sickle or scythe. Thus the lodged and twisted corn has not been secured without friction. None the less there are happily plenty of cases where the men are as much in earnest to rescue and secure the grain as though it was their own property. On the whole agricultural England of the last fortnight has been putting its back into the job of "winning" the crops. The promise of the roots is splendid, and with a fine and sunny September they should be almost a record yield. Potatoes are less satisfactory, but if the rain now holds off the spread of disease will be arrested. Hops, we are sorry to note, are bad everywhere.

RISING WATERING-PLACES

The splendid air of the North Kent coast makes Birchington one of our most rising watering-places, and the inland country is well wooded. The season, however, is brief, for before June and after September the place is bleak. On the coast of South-East Kent, St. Margarets is, perhaps, as rising a place as any. At present its railway facilities are mainly non-existent, but a light railway is

projected. Sussex is rather reviving old-fashioned Littlehampton and Bognor than creating any new centre of attraction. In Dorset the chief advance has been made by Swanage, in Devonshire by Dawlish, by Lynmouth, and by Ilfracombe. In Cornwall fashion sets northward, and there is reason for this, as at Newquay and Bude one gets a bracing aspect to temper the soft native air. On the East Coast there is great advance at Southwold, but on the whole little has occurred since the end of last century to disturb the popular primacy of Lowestoft in Suffolk, of Yarmouth in Norfolk, and of Skegness in Lincoln. The more aristocratic places of this coast remain Cromer and Scarborough.

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It is a constant cry, but the evil of which it complains is constant. As it is a matter remediable and requiring to be remedied, little apology is needed for giving it at least a moment of passing attention. We are buying of the foreigner forty-four million pounds of butter every month, and the forty-four million shillings which we are losing, from our city incomes for the most part, are not going into the country districts to farmers who in turn would spend a large proportion of it on the towns. The money is going mainly to France, and little of it will find its way back to us. Some goes to Denmark, which is a trifle less unsatisfactory, but the cardinal fact remains that every penny of the money ought to be kept at home. We've got the land, we've got the cows, and we ought to have the money too. Agricultural societies which do so much for pedigree stock might profitably devote more attention to this matter.

WHENCE CAME OUR FARM ANIMALS?

Darwin thought that the British pigs united three races—the wild boar, indigenous, the Chinese pig, an importation of the Middle Ages, and the Neapolitan pig, an animal which the Romans may easily have brought with them. Mr. Macconnell, the agricultural expert, eliminates the last named. The earlier cattle seem to have been the Longhorns, but, speaking generally, the types of cattle predominant in Scotland trace to the old *Bos longifrons*, and those in England to the savage and still more archaic *Bos mus*. The original sheep were mountain animals, and the race when emancipated from human control drift back into a long-legged, scrambling type.

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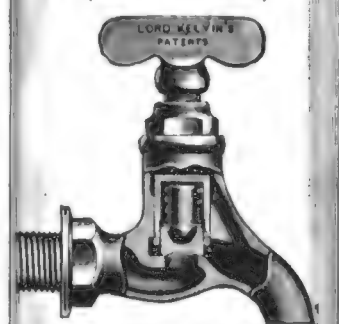


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Books of Reference

THE "Guide to South-West Cornwall" is written in a pre-eminently practical manner, and contains a capital map, besides route plans. Included in the places dealt with are the Scilly Islands. In this guide a point is made of giving the charges made by hotels.—Messrs. Henry Gaze and Sons issue a guide-book to the French Capital, entitled "How to See Paris," which, although it costs only 6d., is a practical and thoroughly up-to-date little handbook, freshly written and containing a dozen good illustrations. The fifth annual issue of "London—A Guide for the Visitor, Sportsman and Naturalist" (Greening and Co.), by J. W. Cundall, is just published. It aims at being "a readable and handy volume, giving all essential information," and it succeeds, though, of course, it is too brief to go very deeply into its subject.—The twenty-ninth edition, revised, of "Bennett's Handbook for Travellers in Norway" (T. Bennett and Sons, Christiania; Simpkin Marshall, London) is just published. The fact that this guide has enjoyed a high reputation for over fifty years makes further comment needless.—A well-got-up "Guide to Falmouth," published for the Corporation of that town by the Health Resorts Association, has just appeared. It contains a large number of illustrations, and may be obtained post free for one shilling from the Town Clerk, Falmouth.—The same Association has also issued a similar and equally well-got-up booklet dealing with Llandrindod Wells. "Casell's Pictorial Guide to the Clyde," a new and revised edition

of which is just out, is a capital little book, with maps, plans, and a large number of illustrations.—The sixth edition of Mr. Edward Whymper's "Guide to Zermatt and Matterhorn," and the seventh of his "Guide to Chamonix and the Range of Mont Blanc" (John Murray) are just issued. No one knows this part of the world better than Mr. Edward Whymper, and it may safely be said that no better guides could be found. Moreover, they make interesting and fascinating reading, and are beautifully illustrated.

TIPS AND TIPPERS.—Lady Grove, who is always an extremely entertaining writer, has, in *Cornhill*, an article on "Hotels as Homes." After discussing the question of "tips" in hotels, the writer goes on to say, "But it is not only at hotels that the system of 'tips' is irksome, and at times humiliating to both 'tipper' and 'tippee,' as I prefer to render the giver and receiver of 'tips.' In this matter the guests of wealthy owners of large country houses sometimes suffer considerable inconvenience, keepers, coachmen and grooms without, and butlers, footmen and housemaids within, all expecting and receiving 'tips' from one or other of the guests of a large house party. I was told once of an extraordinary experience undergone by a lady, to whom economy was rendered none the less necessary from the fact that circumstances compelled her to visit much amongst relations and friends to whom this most irksome form of ignominy was unknown. She was paying a definite Monday to Friday visit at a large, luxurious

country house, and to her delight she found in her bedroom a neat little *affiche*, a duplicate of which was in each guest-chamber, to the effect that the host and hostess earnestly requested that no 'tips' should be given to any of the servants."

To her dismay, however, when all the guests were assembling in the hall previous to their imminent departure in the various brakes, carriages, and flies that were waiting ready to convey them to the station, she perceived the stately and dignified groom of the chambers standing statuesquely near the front door, holding a plate resembling those used in church for collections, in which several gold pieces were already gleaming. In answer to my friend's petrifled gaze, her hostess stepped forward and said sweetly, "Yes, we consider this a much fairer way of dealing with the presents our guests are kind enough to wish to give our servants. Anything they like to give is distributed fairly between those who really have had extra work to do for a large party of this kind; other wise, only those who are *en évidence*, and who really do nothing extra, are given anything." The little gift which the poor lady had been congratulating herself she would be able to take home to her child was swallowed up in this brazen receptacle.

This lady was weak. She had not the moral courage necessary to pass by and give nothing. She might have learned something of a certain gallant little midshipman, who once

Offered the magnificent individual who had been "valeting" him two-and-sixpence on leaving; but that dignitary threw up his hand, saying, "I never haccept hanythink but gold," whereupon the "middy" returned the half-crown to his pocket, exclaiming, "What a brick you are! I find half-crowns awfully useful." Perhaps this was the first youth the creature had not been successful in intimidating into giving up half-a-sovereign of his precious little store.

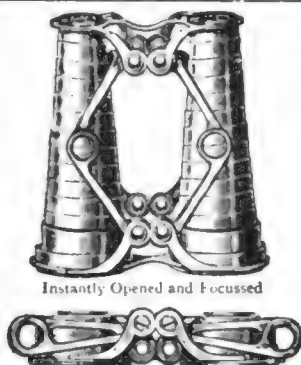
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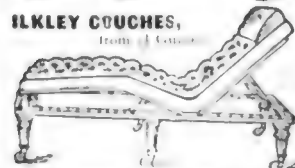
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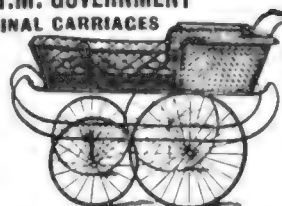
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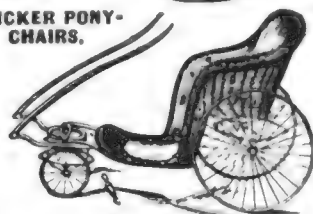
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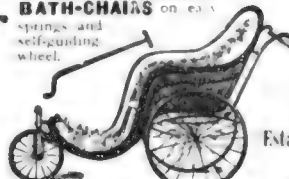
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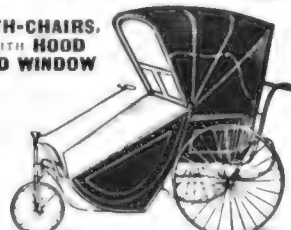
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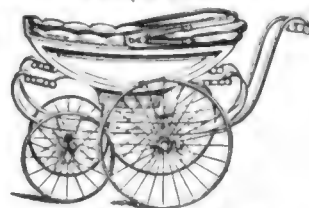
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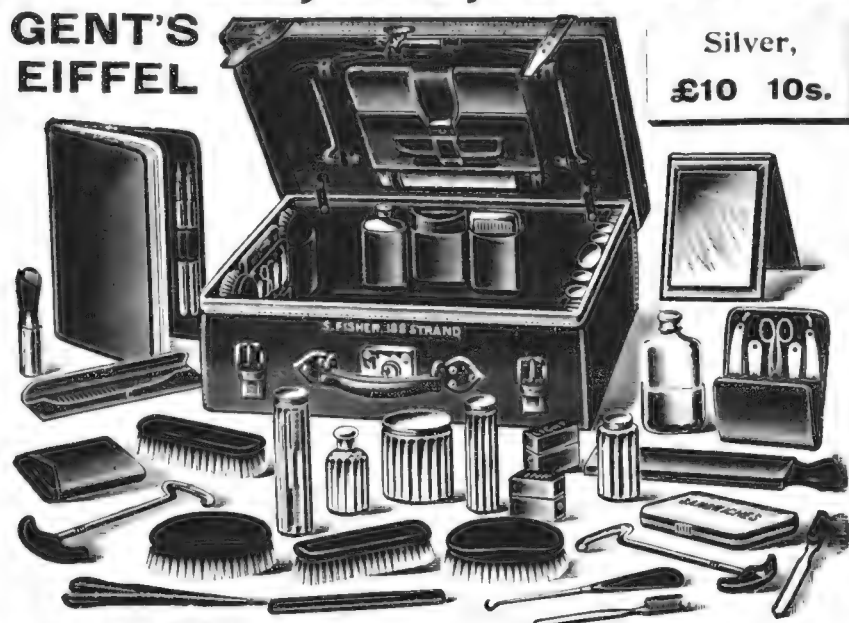
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